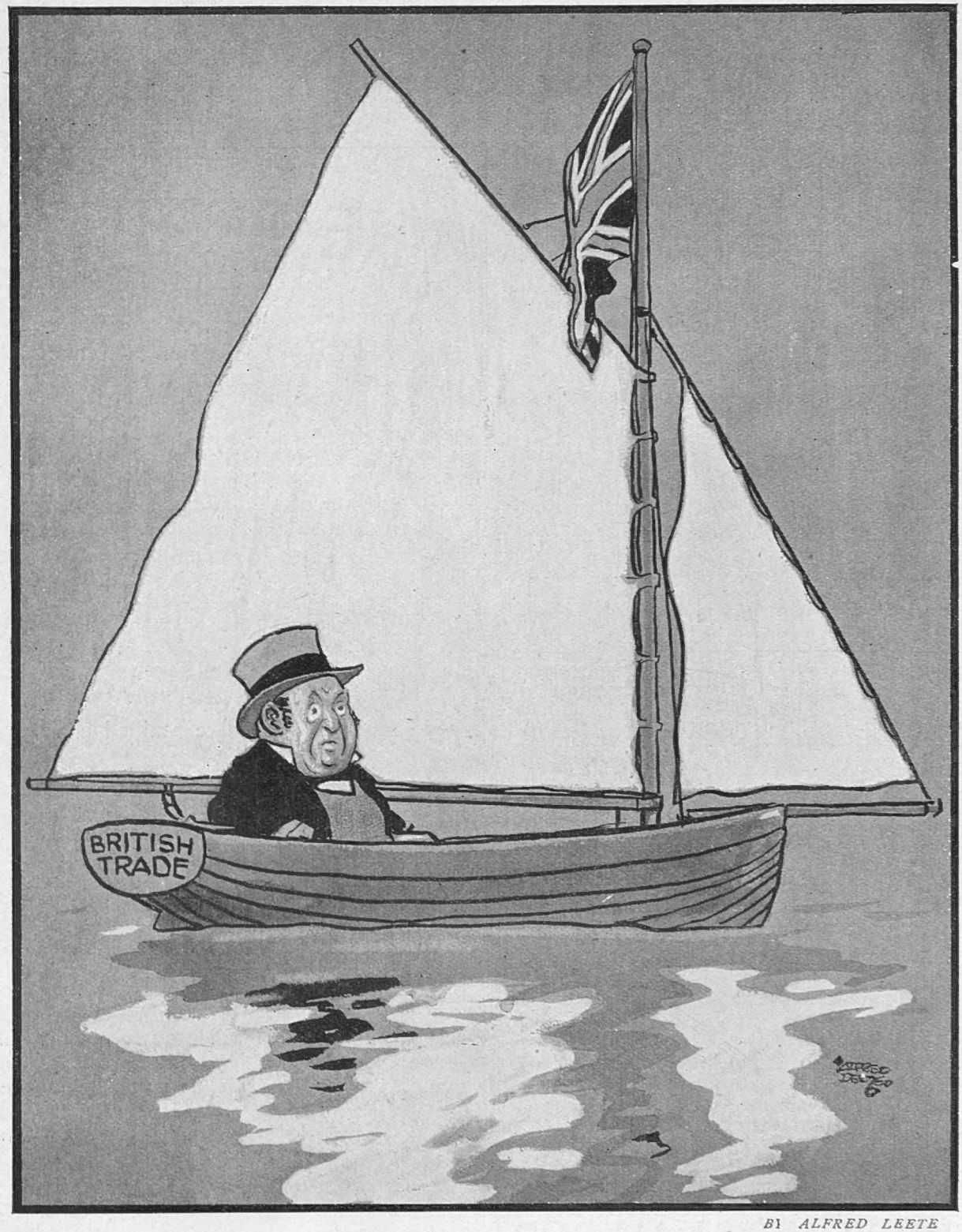
The Bystander, March 30, 1921. No. 904. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER



BY ALFRED LEETE

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And Waiting for a Trade Wind

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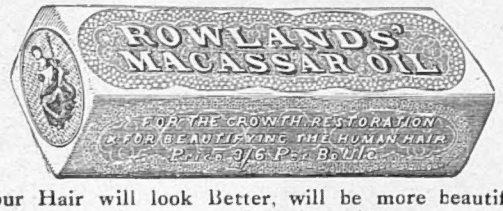

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This week's issue contains a remarkable series of drawings by

SURGEON OSCAR PARKES

(late of the Admiralty) on

THE SHIPS WE ARE SCRAPPING

Last week's issue contained a very elaborate supplement on

THE NETHERLANDS

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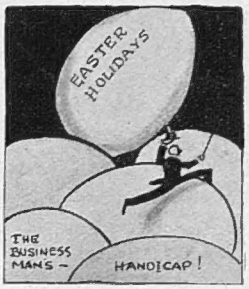
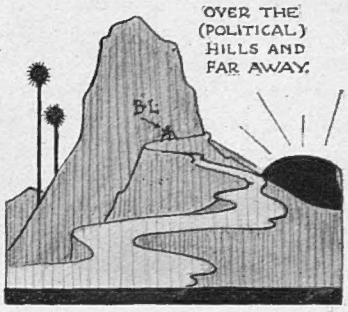
BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

Fewer paradise plumes they say—

Charmen can now be hired



How've you got over your Easter "eggs"?



By Victor Hicks
Bonar Law's retired

The "Beautiful" Cambridge Eight

I REALLY must express my sympathy with the members of the Cambridge eight. Of course, until the race is over, they have plenty of things with which to occupy their minds, but even men in training have a little time in which to read a newspaper, and I am sure it must be rather annoying to the Cambridge crew to find themselves being written about as if they were a bunch of Mary Pickfords or competitors for a daily paper or theatrical chorus beauty competition. Oxford and Cambridge row for something much more important than a Golden Apple. Speaking of the Cambridge crew, one of these commentators solemnly says "that they have earned their great popularity simply by taking their boat out and showing that they are good-looking!"!—I, too, must have an exclamation mark.

The Crew's Marcel Waves

HE—or can it be she?—goes on: "Men in the middle thirties, who still have a slim figure and the Oxford or Cambridge look, brought field-glasses." Marvellous! I am no longer in the "middle thirties," I no longer have a "slim figure," doubtless I have lost "the Oxford or Cambridge look" to which I was once entitled, but I still take field-glasses when I go to see the crews practise. But I do not take them, and never did, not even in the slim, middle-thirties, Oxford or Cambridge looking days, for the purpose of looking at the crews' *beaux yeux*, hyacinthine locks or pearly teeth, over which this very sporting correspondent raves. I want to see their hands and their blades, and other points much more important than Grecian noses and Marcel waves. And let me assure her—I think it must be "her"—that she is probably libelling the slim-figured, middle-thirtied, *etc.*, men whom she has seen with field-glasses on the tow-path. I am sure they take them for the same purpose as I do.

By Michaelson

"SPRINGING IT ON HIM!"
"You'll have to start on the spring-cleaning right away, John—I'm summoned to appear on a jury to-morrow!"

Rowed by Women

IF the day ever comes, as some people say it must, when the Boat Race will be rowed by women, I believe that even the fairest of oarswomen will resent being appraised by their beauty. Meanwhile I suppose we may look forward to seeing paragraphs something after this kind under the heading "Rowing Notes, by Paris, Junior":—"I hear that there are several promising blondes among the Eton 'wet bobs' who are due for Oxford and Cambridge next October. Later on the majority of them will probably be more suitable for the stage than the film, as they have the very light blue eyes which the camera makes to appear almost white. They will, however, be universal favourites on the tow-path. My Oxford correspondent writes that a change is being tried in the Oxford boat at No. 7, Brown, a powerful oar, but handicapped by an unfortunate nose and a very large mouth, giving way to Jones, one of the best-looking men in the 'Varsity. If Jones retains his place he will be one of the greatest successes at Putney that Oxford has had since the days of 'Adonis' Smith."

Suburban Train Service

MOST people complain these days about our railways and their service and their charges and everything that is theirs, even of the super-man who controls them. But there is one class of traveller, I find, who is always full of praise for one particular railway system, or, at any rate,

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

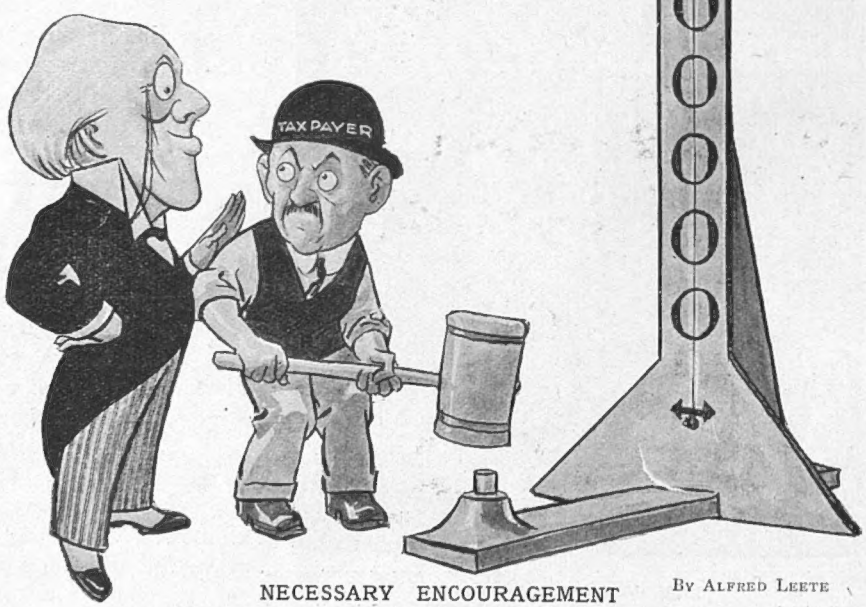
for one particular portion of it. This is the suburban season ticket-holder. Go and visit him in his suburban retreat, north, south, east or west, and venture to suggest in the very mildest fashion that it is rather difficult to get at—and then sit down and listen to him repelling the base slander. He will prove to you that there is no better, quicker, or more frequent train service into Town than his. He can get from his gate to his office in umpteen minutes. It's no use telling him that it has taken you an hour-and-a-quarter and that you had to change half way and wait fifteen minutes on a fourteen mile run. He will stoutly maintain that nothing short of an aeroplane can beat his service. Amongst his local friends he may have some fault to find, and so may they. I don't know. From or to an outsider he will allow no criticism.

Paris Herself Again

"PARIS," I read in a headline, "is herself again." Reading on I saw that this meant cafés are now allowed to stay open until 2 a.m. and theatres need not close their doors before 12.30 a.m. Well done, Paris! If war-worn and peace-wearied people find that staying in theatres until midnight and in cafés until two and dancing in Montmartre—for Montmartre grants itself an extra hour—cheers them up, why prevent them? I may seem to harp on the subject somewhat, but it is only by constant and united effort that we shall get reform in this line at home. We do not want to stay in our restaurants until 2 a.m., nor, I am even more certain, in our theatres until 12.30—but if we could enjoy the amenities of our clubs after 10 p.m. and pop out for a box of cigarettes after 8 p.m., when we suddenly find ourselves "run out," we should probably feel more resigned to the Budget and the rates.

Exorbitant Cigar Duty

THE National Union of Retail Tobacconists sent some delegates the other day to the House of Commons to see if they could get some M.P.'s to secure the abolition of the *ad valorem* duty on cigars, which has killed the trade, penalised the cigar-smoker, and diminished the national revenue. Mr. Bowerman, M.P., said it was always hard to get a Minister to reverse his policy. It could be done, perhaps, most effectively by giving him a kick in the Lobby. I know a better way. I sat next to a gentleman in the Tube the other night. He was smoking a cigar of magnificent virulence. Let a number of patriotic M.P.'s sacrifice themselves for a short time and smoke similar cigars, they are doubtless easily obtained, in whatever parts of the House of Commons smoking is allowed. Let them do it constantly. Let them make themselves and the whole place reek of such cigars as the one I suffered from for only a couple of minutes, and I will guarantee that even the most subservient of party hacks will join in forcing the Minister to reverse his policy, and give us back our Havana cigars.



NECESSARY ENCOURAGEMENT By Alfred Leete

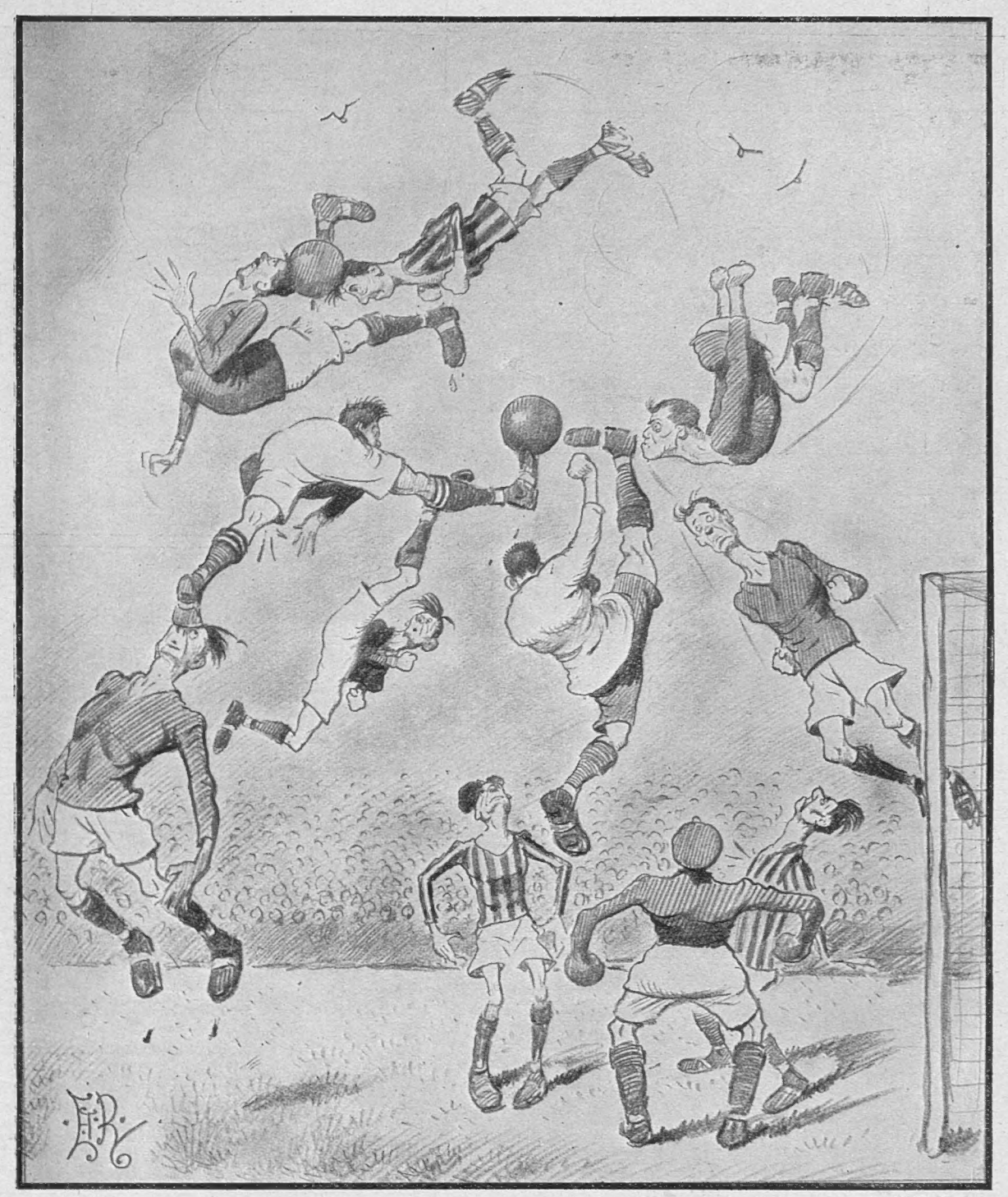
AUSTEN: "Of course you can do it, you're a wonderful little man!"

Give Us Connubial Bliss!

THE "triangle" is truly "eternal" in theatreland just now, what with *The Fulfilling of the Law* at the Garrick, *Her Husband's Wife* at the Globe, *The Circle*—judiciously "squared" by Mr. Maugham—at the Haymarket, *A Social Convenience* at the Royalty, and Miss Clemence Dane's remarkable success, *A Bill of Divorcement* at the St. Martin's. Connubial bliss, I know, is generally reckoned to be "so confoundedly dull," but the genius who one day writes a really interesting play of which that happy state is the theme will at least deserve congratulations on the score of originality. I suppose the trouble would be to find a producer with enough enterprise and a sufficiently long purse to produce it. But I am not sure that the man who did take the risk would not make his fortune out of it.

Carpentier's Dainty Fist

SPORT is not my province; but I cannot help making just a sad little mention of the fact that the King's host had to send to France for a boxer in order that his Majesty might have, as he certainly should, the best available of everything. Times have changed. But, never mind, Carpentier is a great fellow, "a dainty fist to set before the King." "Dainty" is not quite the word to apply to Carpentier's fist, but it is not



"THE PROGRESS OF CIVIL AVIATION" By E. T. Reed

If we can believe the amazing aerial snapshots of our professional footballers poised in mid-air and hurtling through space, we can all set our minds at rest as to the prospects of "commercial flying" in Great Britain

entirely inapplicable to the man. The "four-and-twenty blackbirds," of which I was thinking, occur, of course, in a "song of *sixpence*"—not the sort of song for M. Carpentier or Mr. Dempsey—ask Mr. C. B. Cochran.

"P'raps—P'raps Not"

I see that Mr. J. M. Keynes is to publish a book next month, entitled *A Treatise on Probability*. It is primarily logical and philosophical. But practical men would like to know what Probability there is of our receiving any great part of the indemnity which the Germans ought to pay.

Our "Index Expurgatorius"

There is, apparently, an *index expurgatorius* at the British Museum. The other day I wanted to check an old divorce case which I had examined some years before. But it has vanished from the catalogue in the library. In fact, like similar books, it has been put into cold storage. But I managed to get it. I know a university library where an old-fashioned librarian once put a little book of Facetiæ, in Latin, on a shelf all by itself, with a label on it—"a nasty bookie." His successor found a French volume of a similar type, and labelled it "Another of the same." They occupy that shelf in lonely quarantine to this day.

Photograph] THE KING OF SWEDEN IN PARIS *[Topical Press*

During his short stay in Paris, the King of Sweden was, among other things, able to review the Guard of Honour at the Élysée, where he afterwards lunched with the President of the French Republic. His Majesty is now on the Riviera

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Democratic Feudalism

THE Royal visit to Knowsley was a brilliant success from beginning to end. There are old-fashioned folk, I daresay, who had a mental vision of some of our former Sovereigns rolling over and over in their graves at the spectacle of the Majesty of England being entertained by a boxing exhibition, but they should remember that former Sovereigns had not the understanding of, or interest in, the affairs of the people possessed by our Sovereigns to-day.

Besides, to invite Carpentier to box at Knowsley before the King and Queen was the happiest compliment to France, where he is a sort of national hero, a compliment that has been deeply appreciated across the Channel.

Such visits of our Sovereigns to their great nobles appeal strongly to the democratic-feudal instincts of the people, and the appeal in Liverpool and its regions round about is, I suppose, stronger than anywhere else in the country, certainly in any large centre of population.

In those parts "Derby" is a name to conjure with: it has been so for generations. The House of Stanley is regarded in Liverpool as a family possession. The late King Edward was very fond of telling a story of his first visit to Knowsley when Prince of Wales.

He drove over to Liverpool with the Lord Derby of the day for some function. Crowds of people lined the streets. The Royal carriage stopped for some formality on crossing a boundary.

"There he is! There he is!" cried an excited voice in the crowd.

"Who?" asked a second voice.

"Why Derby, of course!" answered voice No. 1.

"Who's that with him?" came from voice No. 2.

"Oh, that's t'ould Queen's Son! Hurrah, Derby! Hurrah!"

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS MARGARET CECIL

Whose mother, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, intends to entertain a great deal this forthcoming season for her daughter

Photograph *Claude Harris*

A CHARMING SECRETARY

Miss Yvonne Fitz-Roy, the daughter of Sir Almeric Fitz-Roy, who is acting as Lady Reading's secretary in India

Manners and a Dowager Countess

WE middle-aged folk are always ready, perhaps eager, to fall upon the younger generation because of its manners—or lack

Photograph] LADY MAUD MACKINTOSH [*P. I. C.*

The eldest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, at a recent meet of the Hertfordshire at Houghton Regis

of 'em. But, casual as some of the young folk may be, they don't approach some of the older generation in downright cruelty. There's nothing deliberate about the happy-go-lucky manners of to-day. Sometimes their immediate forbears took a delight in using "good manners" as sheer brutality.

This analogy came to my mind on reading the recent announcement of the death of a Dowager-Countess, a tremendous figure in her time, *la plus grande des grandes dames*. In parenthesis I must tell you that a friend, who did not love the lady, wrote apropos of this announcement, "A wonderful woman in her way. There is nobody like her now. You see, nowadays, they don't make the kind of stays she wore, so the type has died out."

Now, this great lady had an unusual and cruel trick. Whenever a young girl was introduced to her she sank to the floor in a deep curtsey. Not a little bob, but the profoundest *plongeon de la cour*. You can imagine the embarrassment of a girl just going out being treated by a woman of such a position as if she were sovereignty itself on its throne. The embarrassment was the cruel old woman's enjoyment.

But once the great dame met her match. It was at a county ball in Scotland, the county of which she was the territorial queen. As was the custom then, the great personage of the neighbourhood took her place at the top of the ballroom, and people were taken up to be introduced.

Photograph *Photo Press*

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE

On board H.M.S. Ajax, now cruising with the Mediterranean Fleet. He recently visited the Gallipoli battlefields and cemeteries with a party headed by Admiral de Robeck

Photograph *Central News*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Major H. Graeme Anderson, M.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.S., surgical consultant to the R.A.F., who was married to Miss Gladys Hood, of Hatch End, Middlesex, at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, W.

A friend brought up a young girl—it was her first ball.

"Dear Lady——, I want to introduce Miss —— to you."

"Charming creature! Charming creature!" snapped Lady——, and down she sank in what she used to call "my Marie Antoinette curtsey."

For a moment the girl stared in astonishment. Then she, too, sank to the floor in a curtsey equally profound.

The silence of icebergs fell upon the company. It was known that the great lady was not so agile as she had been, and was in the habit of pulling herself to her feet by the hand of the unfortunate young women she had embarrassed. But here there was no hand! The polite young lady remained *en plongeon* waiting for the elder to rise. "There they were, both on

the floor, for all the world like an old cat and a young kitten on the top of a garden wall," somebody described it.

Finally, two attendant daughters raised the fuming dowager to her feet. Then the young woman rose, only to sink once more *en plongeon*, murmuring, " How kind, how very kind of you, Lady——".

It happened a good many years ago but ——shire has never forgotten the scene which set the whole county rocking with laughter. Lady—— never forgot it either, and although she lived to a great age, and the young girl of the ball is now elderly, whenever Lady —— heard her name mentioned she used to say, " That odious woman who was so rude to me by pretending to be civil ! "

But then who likes being hoisted with their own petard ?

An Original Album

Most girls keep albums, wherein they stick photographs taken on visits round which they ask fellow-visitors to sign their names at all sorts of odd angles. But at a Saturday to Monday party last week one girl visitor had an entirely new kind of book. It was a collection of original epigrams, odd advertisements, epitaphs, and things of that kind, written by people she had met on visits. The result was most amusing.

I copied out of the book these two advertisements because I thought they would amuse you good people :

" Double-fronted gentleman's villa to let. Owner to be seen in London by appointment only."

" Weary war-widow who cannot make both ends meet wants mending. In a large family preferred."

Photograph BARONESS DE BECK [*Ena Barratt*

The wife of the Hungarian Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both she and her husband suffered terrible indignities at the hands of the Bolshevists, their houses being seized and everything in them. Baron de Beck belongs to one of the richest Hungarian families

Photograph *Topical Press*

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

Leaving a free-meal refuge for the poor of Madrid after the opening ceremony. Her Majesty takes a keen interest in the welfare of her people by personally organising many such charities

ON THE RIVIERA

Will Germany pay ? But that is not the question asked by the Riviera visitor, now his sojourn approaches its end. " Will I be *able* to pay ? " he asks, with the accumulating consciousness of hotel, tailor, wine, and florist accounts, which must be settled before departure from this profligate strand. For price it constitutes a record season. The tables have been, for the most part, to the good, and few are they who have not sent home for money. " System working splendidly ; send more cash ! " were the words of a wire I saw handed in at Monte Carlo the other day.

While many are leaving, many arrive. H.M. Gustave V. of Sweden is with us, living quietly at the Hôtel d'Angleterre in Nice. H.H. the Maharajah of Kapurthala is at the Excelsior Regina. Otis Glazebrook, the new United States Consul replacing Mr. Dulaney-Hunter, has just taken up office in the capital of the Riviera. The Duke of Connaught inspects his property at Cap Ferrat. Service, the poet, whose verses struck the most responsive human note of all who sang of the quiet, sad incidents of war, is at Monte Carlo. English by birth, American by nationality, and French by feeling, he was truly the Allied singer of the great Fight, and did with sentiment much the big work that Bairnsfather did with ironical humour and cheer. André de Fouquières, the Beau Nash of Paris, is at Cannes. There is talk of his stage-managing cotillions there next winter. So this *terre paradisiaque* still has its variety of men who, in their way, make history.

A crowded house recently gave Mme. Melluis the most enthusiastic reception the pretty theatre at Cannes has ever witnessed. She sang Lakmé with, perhaps, the most superb voice of our day—a voice still in the

making—but convincing enough to make Jean de Reszke and Reynaldo Hahn stand in their *loges* and shout "Bravo!"

IDEAL weather for tennis. Crowds at the Place Mozart. Tickets dearer than for opera in New York. Lenglen still having everything her own way. It's not genius; it's destiny with her. Lowe, Ryan, O'Neil, Bologna, Wade, Satterthwaite — all the cracks — the list reads like a memorial tablet where Suzanne is concerned.

THE Duke of Westminster's *Belem* is in harbour at Cannes. Lord Furness has taken the *Sapphire* to Naples. Sir Thomas Lipton is the youngest man on the beach; at 2 a.m. he wanders like a good bad boy, always smiling, out of the Casino, and "Tom" does not gamble, either—does he? Nothing prettier at Cannes this year than the 100 polo ponies on parade at the Horse Show.

Photograph *Topical Press*

GOLF AT MONT AGEL

Lady Malcolm at the club-house of the beautiful Riviera links

MENTONE remains full of British folk. It may be quiet, but it is not dull, for visitors carry with them there the pleasanter entertainments of their home life. Bridge is a certainty at Mentone—the afternoons are lively with it. Mrs. Wason's parties are most popular. The real English lunch—the most delightful of London recreations—is always in vogue; not in the hotel fashion, but with the delightful intimacy of the real thing at home. The Duchess of Albany lunched there with Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe Wilson at the Villa Rosmarina recently, when Candida Marchioness of Tweeddale was also a guest. Mrs. Henry Birkmyre, whose Cadogan Garden hospitalities are so unique, perfect, and much sought, carries on the charm of a great hostess at the Orient et d'Angleterre. Last Sunday she gave a *fête déjeuner*, and entertained among others Lady Roxburgh, Sir Jeremiah and Lady Colman, and Major Coddington, keenest of cricketers.

Photograph] **IN THE SUN** *[E. Navello*

Mr. Hubert Cox, Mr. Minto Wilson and Lord Nunburnholme taking a morning stroll on the Promenade at Monte Carlo

Photograph *E. Navello*

AT BEAULIEU

Lord Athlone and his wife, Princess Alice, who have been wintering in the South

Photograph] **OFF FOR A ROUND BEFORE LUNCH!** *[Topical Press*

Miss Treherne-Thomas, and Miss Segar-Owen on the first tee at Mont Agel. Golf has really never been so popular as a universal pastime on the Riviera as it has this year

Charming Wife of the New Leader

Photograph *Elliott and Fry, Ltd.*

MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

The wife of the Rt. Hon. J. Austen Chamberlain, P.C., M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer. She is the daughter of the late Col. H. L. Dundas and was married in 1906; she has two sons and one daughter. Mr. Chamberlain having become leader of the Unionist Party, much discussion is occasioned as to his probable successor to the Chancellorship

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *March* 28

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT wonderful things there are in England now that some of us never see, and quite lots of us, I'm afraid, hardly ever. All the sights and sounds, I mean, of the early morning, of those ever-lengthening hours of a strange and breathless peace that usher in each day of the budding year. So exquisite they are, with a rare and special delight all their own. As John Masefield sings in one of his newest poems:

All early in the April,
When daylight comes at five,
I went into the garden
Most glad to be alive.
The thrushes and the blackbirds
Were singing in the thorn,
The April flowers were singing
For joy of being born.

IT'S the birds begin it. There's a thrush that the dawn finds perched in the branches of a tree just outside my room and that greets its first arrival with a little trill of sweet notes, and then properly bursts into song and goes on singing "for joy of being born." And his song, floating in through the wide open window, never disturbs me, even though it wakes me up. It's the loveliest way in the world of being wakened, so softly, gently thrilling, and if you go to sleep again—and, alas! the flesh is often weak—it's something deliciously soothing and pleasant to hear again just now and then at moments through one's sleep.

BUT if for once we're really and truly energetic, shake off dull sloth and obey the call, it really *is* a moment, isn't it, when we feel right through and through "most glad to be alive"? The adorable freshness, the cleanness and clearness of everything, even in a London garden! The grass is thickly, richly wet with dew, little drops twinkling here and there in the still gentle rays of the early morning sun, and all around there is that wistful, expectant silence of morning—so different from the calm, hushed silence of evening—broken only by the joyful greetings of those early-rising songsters whom the poet met in *his* garden, the thrush and the blackbird. The blackbird . . . whereof W. E. Henley, whose poems I've been reading again in a new edition just out, so charmingly wrote:

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.

For his is all of the joy of life,
And we in the mad spring weather,
We too have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

"That depressing, after the holidays feeling"

AND there's the chaffinch, too, hymned by Browning in that famous but, somehow, never hackneyed "spring song" of his:

The chaffinch sings in the orchard bough,
In England—now . . .
The year's at the Spring
And day's at the morn . . .
God's in his heaven
All's right with the world.

Must confess Robert B. does bore me just a little bit at times—and, after all, every poet, even the divine Keats, must grow as years go on just here and there a trifle *démodé* and out of touch—but "Oh, to be in England," I do think, will never fade so long as England stands and has her moments, even if they be only moments, of the season which surely in no other land is such an exquisite unrolling and unfolding of the fresh and sparkling joys of a year reborn.

"Decorating their own flats"

EVEN all the depression of that after-the-holidays feeling isn't proof against its enchanting lures—if, that is, the sun is only in its right and genial mood, and the March and April winds (not to

mention rains and hails and sleets and snows aren't too painfully and keenly and cuttingly in evidence. Has power even, hasn't it? to, anyway, soften the shocks and lighten the worries of a quarter-day of higher rents, and of the frightful and imminent prospect of paying half as much again for our telephones and fancy prices for ringing up any of our friends over and above the positively enormous initial cheque.

"Last day for sending in to the Academy"

卐 卐

MUST confess I can't understand how some of the people with fixed incomes carry on at all here in England now. The sort, I mean, who just get regular sums of a few hundreds a year from investments (which very likely have gone down as prices have gone up), and aren't able or fit to do any sort of work so as to collect a bit more. Even their rents are being raised on them, 50 per cent. or more—and then they have to pay something towards rates and taxes and do their own decorating, even if they live in flats. And as no one seems to understand the new Rent Act, and they, of course, least of all . . . well, *they*, anyway, don't gain by it, whatever happens.

卐 卐

WARRIORS' DAY on Thursday, by the way, for Lord Haig's Fund, and I do hope the special Hippodrome and other shows that are being held will mean something really solid in the way of help for the thousands and thousands of men who fought for us in the greatest war of all history, and who, now the tumult and the shouting have died, are even worse off than even the poorest of the New Poor. Though, of course, it's to our eternal disgrace that they should have been left unprovided for so long, and ever have to have collections made for them at all, so to speak, in this humiliating sort of way—humiliating both for them and for us.

"All officers to carry swords"

AND, oh! the bitter irony of recalling what once we said, and thought, and of re-reading, for instance, as I've just been doing, lines like these by a soldier-writer, called "The Soldier's Return," which were first published, curiously enough, only just a few days before the armistice:

Yet it shall pass, if one, the least, shall fall
Broken and maimed, unheeded by the State,
All we have suffered, spent and hardly won
Shall by our deeds become the sport of Fate.
Then through the land a fiery cross will rage;
Fierce righteous wrath, with stern consuming speed,
Shall sweep away those at the reckoning hour
Who debts of plighted honour failed to heed.

卐 卐

WHERE is the fiery cross that was to go raging through the land? Where is that overwhelming wave of fierce righteous wrath which was to sweep away with irresistible force the men pledged implicitly by honour, if not by explicit words or the letter of the law, to see that those who saved the nation (and them) in the hour of direst need were given at least a modest share in the nation's wealth that "indispensable" Government "workers" seem always able to secure *their* portion of, however hard the times? Echo answers, just a shade mockingly and disdainfully, perhaps—where?

卐 卐

WROTE one G. K. C. once daringly, in what he called "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard":

The men that worked for England
They have their graves at home,
And bees and birds of England
About the cross can roam.
But they that fought for England,
Following a fallen star,
Alas, alas, for England,
They have their graves afar.
And they that rule in England
In stately conclave met—
Alas, alas, for England,
They have no graves as yet!

A bad, bold man, this G. K. C., and had a brother once who wrote an article which grievously offended all the best Jews and Cabinet Ministers in England, so that he was cast into prison, and afterwards when he lay dying in khaki over in France his wife was not allowed to visit him. . . .

卐 卐

BUT, after all—it's Spring. And the Boat Race is on this week, not to mention All Fools' Day (when swords come in again for all officers of our peace-time Army), and Wednesday's the last sending-in day for the Academy, and summer time starts in a day or two, and one of our judges has just discovered what a night club is. . . . All *must* be right with the best of all possible worlds.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

The Wide Wide World

BY WILL OWEN

JOE: "'Ere, Curly! You know everything—what's a cosmopolitan?

CURLY: "Well, it's like this—suppose you was a Russian Jew livin' in England married to a black woman an' you'd just finished a bit of Irish stew an' was smokin' an Egyptian cigarette while a German band outside was playin' the Blue Bells o' Scotland—you'd be a cosmopolitan"

What Else Could a Poor Girl Do?

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"He said he could read me like a book"
"What did you do?"
"I got red"

Truths and Trifles

HYGIENE IN THE HOME

THE recommendation of Sir James Cantlie, M.D., to revive the use of the warming-pan, as a means of inducing sleep and preserving health generally, has called forth a number of valuable hygienic hints from other admitted experts. The following selection is submitted :—

I

"The revival of the homely warming-pan, as suggested by my colleague, Sir James Cantlie, is to be cordially commended. While, however, it undoubtedly generates what he very properly calls a 'grateful glow' (thereby inducing refreshing sleep) this, in itself, is not enough. From many years' experience, I have found the use of a night-cap even more effective in cases of insomnia.

"A thoroughly reliable recipe is the following :—

One glass of whiskey,
Another glass of whiskey,
Some more whiskey,
A little water.

If preferred (and as I often find to be the case) the water can be omitted.

"Since prescribing the above, I have considerably increased my practice (especially among American patients)."—M.D., F.R.C.S.

II

"A very useful health hint—and one that in my opinion should be compulsorily adopted by the wealthy classes — is to leave their front doors and lower windows open at nights. It is, of course, equally important that the same practice should be adopted in banks, jewellery establishments, and business premises generally. The reason is, it affords a ready means of dispersing the vitiated atmosphere engendered during working hours."—WILLIAM SYKES.

III

"In my opinion, much of the present ill-health among the general public is undoubtedly occasioned by the foolish and unnecessary habit of visiting theatres. If, however, cinemas were patronised exclusively, there would, I feel, soon be a vast improvement. Enclosed is programme of the Great Educational Film, *Forging Banknotes* (featuring Chas. Chipps and strong support.)"—PROPRIETOR, MOVIES, LTD.

IV

"Cinemas, as is well known to the medical fraternity, are veritable hot-beds of disease. Healthy amusement, however, is a necessity for busy brain workers. I submit that this can only be secured in theatres."—MANAGER, No. 1 TOURING CO., *Boiled by Bolshevics!* (Twice Nightly).

V

"If people would only form the regular habit of taking *all* their meals at first-class restaurants (and entirely give up lunching and dining at home) their health would, I am convinced, be much improved. Nor is the tariff of such establishments as, for instance, the Super-Blitz, at all excessive. Indeed, I am told that the charge for *couvert* there is only a couple of pounds, and that *table d'hôte* meals (*recherché*) are served at as little as from five guineas per head."—MANAGING-DIRECTOR, SUPER-BLITZ.

HORACE WYNDHAM

By HAROLD EARNSHAW

SOON WILL, THOUGH!

"Mark my words, we haven't come to the bottom of this coal affair yet"

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

A MAN was knocked down in Charing Cross Road twice in succession by motor vehicles, but escaped unhurt. A passer-by going to his assistance was also knocked down and also escaped. This sort of thing is enough to annoy the most lenient motorist.

* * *

IN Mitcham the hopping season accounted for the loss of 4,594 school attendances. It is really time that a check was given to this dancing craze.

* * *

THE Building Operatives Federation refuse to consider payment by results. This is not surprising when one realises that it would cause starvation throughout the industry.

* * *

AN M.P. is now recovering from an attack of sleepy sickness. There is no change in the condition of his fellow-members.

* * *

A JAPANESE artist uses ground-up gems for making pictures on silk. The same pleasing sensation of reckless extravagance can be obtained by grinding coal into the hearth-rug with one's heel.

Conflicts and Conciliation

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

CARNIVAL collapsed even more completely than the Rhinelander had expected, for on top of the official prohibition came the little bill from Paris—and a restaurant strike. It is a little bit difficult to be at once utterly crushed by, yet determined to resist, "outrageous" demands, and, at the same time, keep up the spirit of carnival, with the dispensers of spirits, wines and all else that maketh glad the heart of man on strike. No one but the Rhinelander could have attempted it, and even he made but a poor show; nevertheless, many troops of would-be merrymakers streamed through the city on Sunday night. They had the satisfaction of bringing out large numbers of magnificently mounted Prussian police to disperse them, and the acquisition of a number of damaged heads for themselves. Next day, of course, no one knew of such jollification in such stern times—so perhaps the merrymakers were the striking waiters. In the latter's absence, we are waited upon by volunteer university students in all the glory of their "Mensur" duelling scars.

THE restaurant war affords an illuminating instance of propaganda. Whilst the strikers placard abroad details of huge profits made by *restaurateurs*, and the really shameful wages paid to some of the kitchen staff, the proprietors proclaim the ridiculously high wages demanded, in addition to a continuance of tipping, by the waiters. This is propaganda at its best and fairest. Each side discloses only those facts which tell in its own favour, studiously ignoring those which tell against it. This is but a local quarrel where an untrue statement could be instantly—and damagingly—exposed. When it comes to national propaganda unrestrained, with the possibility of adding to one-sided facts deliberate falsehoods with no danger of immediate exposure, one can understand how it is that great masses of Germans still believe themselves to have been the victims of Allied aggression in 1914, as honestly as we believe the opposite.

"A meeting between a French and German football team"

THE recent cold snap in Cologne roused the hopes of the skating enthusiasts, and correspondingly depressed those of the "muddied oafs." Surely our requisitioning of a sheet of ice—a sacred reservation at Lindenthal which must not be polluted by German skates (unless they are beneath British feet) is unique in the history of occupying armies? Soccer is naturally the favourite Army game, and the first "Inter-Enemy" match in Rhineland is being talked of—a meeting between a French and German football team! In this respect we only follow Berlin, where the Reichswehr successors of the Prussian Guard have been playing our Military Mission since some months. So while political Paris, Berlin and London hurl denunciations at one another, the common or garden natives of these respective cities are finding sufficient humanity in one another to meet on the common ground of sport.

IT was a sad occasion that recently furnished striking evidence of the spirit of reconciliation that, one hopes, the attitude of Germany over reparations is at last going to set free to permit the re-building of Europe. In the funeral cortége of an officer of an Inter-Allied mission here walked British (military and naval), and French officers, beside German liaison officers of the mission, in their creamy-grey greatcoats, who wished to join in the tribute to a brother officer. Must we wait also for the majesty of Death and some great universal calamity to bring together in the old relationships of peace the strife-weary nations of Europe?

ERIC GORDON

By H. L. OAKLEY

"British and French officers beside German liaison officers"

Wife of a French Diplomat

Photograph *Mendoza Galleri*

MADAME BERTHELOT

Who, with her husband, M. Philippe Berthelot, the French Secretary-General of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, was in England for the recent conference at St. James's Palace.

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"QUELQUES BATAILLES"

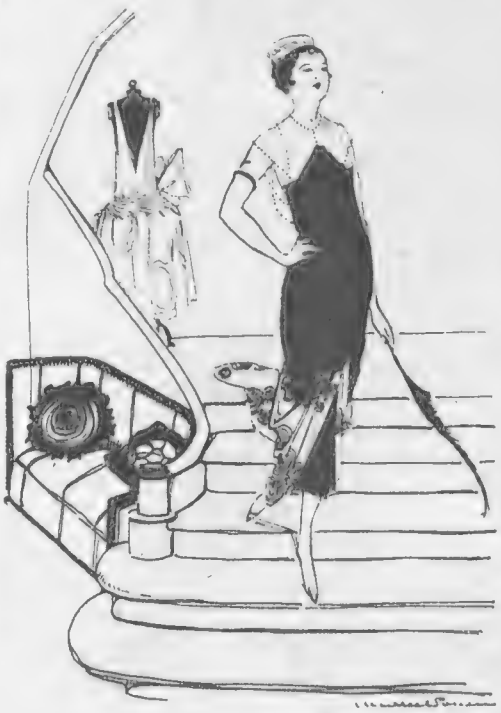
MES AMIS—

ROUND about us all of the time is the whirl of the battle. Recently it has even appeared to increase. There is the war of the streets—which of the streets shall be the centre of the fashion? There has been the battle of the brunettes with the blondes. The battle of the waists. Of the uglies with *the* beauty. Of the hotels with the banks. Of the critics with the authors. Without to mention M. Henry Bataille, who has a guerilla campaign with someone or some other, which is almost perpetual. Of course, that is what one must expect from a name that has such a sound of the conflict.

IN the battle of the streets it is the Rue de la Paix which is on the defensive. It has refused to allow to be taken from it the supremacy it has had as the greatest street to shop of the whole world. Has said the Rue de la Paix to the Champs-Élysées, "*Voilà, parvenu*, that I have felt the happy footsteps of the dainty ladies come to buy of my *sans-pareil robes* and *chapeaux* since the year of 1806. *Pense-tu* that I now shall cede the *place* to a *jeune fille*, so *jeune* that she has not the idea of which she wants to be—a mart for automobiles, a parade for *nounous* and *enfants*, a race-track for taxis, or a fashionable street of the shopping? *Mais non, petite rivale, j'y suis, j'y reste.*" And the Rue de la Paix has put a little more attention to her toilette, and has sought to fascinate as she did in the days before she has been troubled by the young rival.

AND that has made it hard for the *concurrents* of the Champs-Élysées. True that they have the palaces all new in which the *mannequins* can dreamily descend the marble staircase to show the raptures of the silhouette. But can this equal the old, old mirrors through which have admired themselves the famous beauties of the Directoire, the Consulat, and the Empire? There is the doubt. The Rue de la Paix succeeds so far to make the defensive the success. It may be that there will be more houses of the fashion that will make the journey west to the Champs-Élysées. But up to now this competition has not seemed the least to diminish the greatness of the Rue de la Paix. Rather has it given to it the increase by the comparison.

BUT such is not the case in the struggle of the banks with the hotels. The hotels have tumbled one by one before the onset. They have had, unfortunately, the bad luck to be the isolated outposts. The Rue de la Paix is as an army solidly massed. The hotels which have been captured have been scattered on the boulevards, the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, the Place Vendôme, and Place de la Concorde. So it has been simple for the assaulting wave of wealth to sweep them into its depths. But this dispersal has the compensations. If a street filled with hotels should have been transformed into a street of banks, it would have been a change from gladness to gloom. But when it is but one here and there it is not a picture so sombre. There have been so many on the boulevards that the pessimists have feared the line of glittering cafés would be soon a row of black, forbidding banks. But I think they feel too easily the alarm. It will need a hundred years or two to push out all the cafés. And in that time it is possible the banks will have bought up one another and will not need so many branches.



"Descend the marble staircase to show the raptures of the silhouette"

"For *nounous* and *enfants*"

IN the battle of the blondes and the brunettes the victory does almost seem assured for the darklings. Each of the days it does become more rare to meet a blonde. This disappearance had already been much spoken of, but it has been since the triumph of the brunette queens at Mi-Carême that the fluffy haired *demoiselles* have most swiftly descended in the colour scale. There has been a learned professor who has blamed

(Continued on page 688)

The Amphib(io)us

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

COUNTRYMAN: "Lunnon! Paris and Noo York! Bless me, these 'ere 'buses do get about now!"

this on the climate. He has said that the longer one does live in Paris the blacker does the hair become. With the support of science, as well as of the fashion, it is not to be wondered that the golden curls have changed to raven *ondulations*.

THE battle of the uglies with *the* beauty has been the victory of the one over the many. It is Mlle. Agnes Souret, who, as you remember, has been selected as the *plus belle femme de France*. All the days since she has been crowned the queen of beauty she has received the heaps of letters—nice ones from the men who have wished that she should marry, and spiteful ones from the ladies, who have been filled with the spirit of envy. It is the rule of the beautiful Agnes, who is as shy as she is lovely, not to reply to these letters. For one reason, it would require three secretaries and she does not want the secretaries. But Mlle. Souret has at last been moved to break the rule because of a letter filled with the spite which she has received from a *femme de lettres de Grenoble*. This "lady" has alleged against Parisians in the general, and the Rose of Biarritz in particular, that it is quite simple when one has had the gifts from nature to lead a life of luxury and

"Golden curls have changed to raven waves"

dissipation such as the standard of morals would reprove. Mlle. Agnes, whose seriousness and desire for retirement has been so unspoiled by her successes as to be the wonder of the *monde du théâtre*, has been shocked to the tears by such a volume of insults. But she has replied to the *femme de lettres* in a document of four pages in which she has withered the detractor. She has pointed out that no one who is not as ugly as the sin could have written such *injures*. It is not anticipated Mademoiselle will receive more of the scurrilous missiles.

I HAVE saved to the last the story of the battle in which most of the ladies have the interest. That is the competition for the waist. It has been most serious. There is not one of us—so bitter has been the conflict for possession—who would have been surprised to see the waist around the ankles. Or around the neck. For everywhere has been in dispute except the place where nature indicates. At the finish it has arrived somewhere below the hips. And to show the whereabouts the wearers of the newest frocks have to throw around themselves a scarf or have a sort of *panier*. Still, there is the consolation that there is a waist. At one time it has seemed it might be left out altogether. ROLAND

ALWAYS THE "DOWNTRODDEN" HUN By H. L. OAKLEY

From earliest history the Rhinelander has had to entertain the uninvited guest in the shape of a conquering hero and the present extended occupation should not inconvenience him, but whether the rest of Germany will be indifferent to the new invasion remains to be seen

What Every Golfer Wants

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

IMPROVED CLUBS

"Des Affaires I

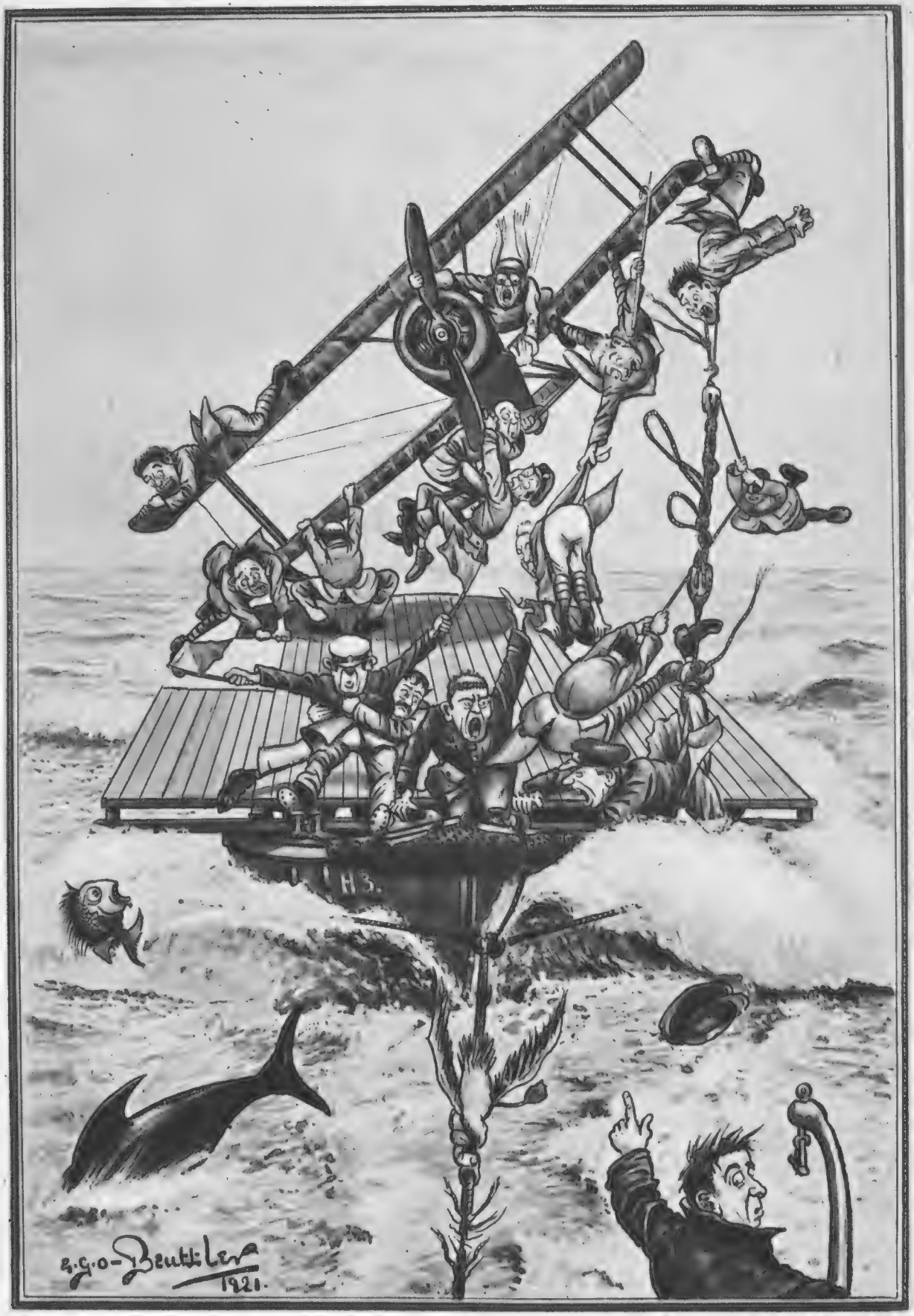
"IN THE SPRING A YOU

Internationales"

BY A. K. MACDONALD

UNG MAN'S FANCY . . ."

Our Peace-Time Air Force



BY LIEUT. COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

"CAMEL" AEROPLANE TRIALS FROM HIGH-SPEED LIGHTERS AT FELIXSTOWE

A "Double" Event

BY C. HEDLEY BARKER

"THERE can be no doubt," drawled Kerr, "that the picture is a genuine Michelangelo. I also had the pleasure of studying, at close quarters, a Holbein and a Durer. Rutt, I understand, has a passion for early Renaissance stuff."

The fat man nodded. "Rutt," he said, wheezily, "knows what's what. Tell me, Tony—how did you manage to get into the house?"

Tony Kerr glanced carelessly around the *foyer* of the Milan. A flicker of admiration stirred in his lazy eyes as he noted the young beauty of a pretty girl opposite. The admiration gave place to frank distaste as he shifted his glance to the porcine greasiness of his companion's pendulous chins. A remarkably fat and unlovely specimen of manhood was Dunkley.

"To explain fully," murmured Tony, "how I obtained access to the mansion or domiciliary edifice of our good friend Rutt would involve a plethora of detail. I hate detail. Life is short. Let it suffice, dear old Dunkley, that I got in. I brought away with me, by the way, a portrait. Study it, my faithful friend. You may find it amusing."

Dunkley stretched forth a chubby hand. With the first glance his eyes grew large and round, and, in spite of the effort entailed, he sat up straight—and as stiffly as is possible for a human jelly—in his chair. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "it might be a—a——"

"Portrait of Edward Dunkley, Esq.," suggested Tony. "Exactly! You will observe, my dear old wolf in sheep's clothing, that friend Rutt, our intended victim, is, like you, of a—shall we say?—portly presence. I think that is the word—portly. You always did suggest vintage wines to me, Dunks. But—to be serious. It must be evident to you that, so far as appearances are concerned, you are Basil Rutt, Esq., of 28, Queen's Mansions. I have ascertained to-day that Rutt is away for an indefinite period. I don't know if I mentioned it, but the odds are against anyone getting the Michelangelo out of the house. I beg to suggest, dear old Edward, that we employ a method less risky and far more artistic than a clumsy attempt at burglary. Why not, dear old pal and co-worker in the cause—why not *sell* the picture? Why not, for the most laudable purpose of our little wheeze, transform E. Dunkley, Esq., Chevalier d'Industrie, into B. Rutt, Esq., connoisseur and patron of the arts?"

Mr. Dunkley slowly disinterred a handkerchief from the depths of a pocket which had, at one time or another, held questionable things. As he strove to collect the moisture which now stood in beads upon his florid brow, the hand that wielded the handkerchief trembled. Tony's lip curled, and he motioned to an attendant.

"Bring my friend," he directed, "an exceedingly stiff double Scotch and soda. Edward," he continued, levelly, "don't be a child. You've just got to do it! Pull yourself together, man. Lord! I wish I had your face and figure—only for a short time, of course," he hastened to add.

Mr. Dunkley continued to mop his brow. He waved a hand, with a gesture of vague hopelessness.

Tony counted it fortunate that the attendant should arrive at that moment. Dunkley seized on the tumbler eagerly, and drained its pale yellow contents at a gulp. The result was remarkable. His small, beady eyes gleamed ferociously.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "I'll do it, Tony!"

"Good man," purred Tony. "I knew there was sand in you, my lad. Take these, with my blessing."

"These" proved to be a number of visiting-cards, inscribed: "Basil Rutt, 28, Queen's Mansions."

"Here's the plan," said Tony. "Doubtless, Dunks, you have heard of one Zitterbaum. He is of the species connoisseur, and pays spot cash for pretty pictures. At the present moment his fad is Michelangelo. Whisper the name within a thousand yards of him and he goes green. Manifestly, then, Zitterbaum is our man.

"In the guise of Basil Rutt you will visit Zitterbaum. You will casually mention that the Michelangelo is for sale. After that, all is plain sailing. I myself will cause a telegram to arrive at the Rutt mansion, informing the valet of his master's imminent arrival, as it is quite on the cards that Zitterbaum will ask to view the picture. Got that?"

A neighbouring clock chimed the hour of four.

"I rather think," remarked Tony, "that you had better start out on the track of Zitterbaum."

At 5.30 p.m., Mr. Edward Dunkley, having cursed his way feelingly into a suit of evening clothes, threw down the portrait of Rutt with an inelegant and explosive remark, and tore from his bedroom at the Milan. Mentally, he commended the body and soul of Tony to a far-distant place of torture, for that worthy had made an appointment in Rutt's name with Mr. Zitterbaum for 6 p.m.

Feeling like the hapless pawn of the fates, he arrived, ten minutes later, at the Elite Club, and, presenting his card, desired that it might be conveyed with his compliments to Mr. Zitterbaum.

Almost immediately the flunkey returned, with a message to the effect that Mr. Zitterbaum was even now awaiting the pleasure of Mr. Dunkley's company in his room.

Repressing a desire to flee at the eleventh hour, Dunkley followed his guide. On the threshold of Mr. Zitterbaum's room, he stood stock still, paled a little, and clutched at the door for support. Confronting him, with out-stretched hand, was his double. The likeness was so wonderful as to be uncanny. Dunkley's lips moved, but no sound escaped therefrom. Was it possible? Could there be *three* men in the world so much alike?

Mr. Zitterbaum, being slightly astigmatic, perceived nothing unusual until he was within an ace of grasping his visitor's hand. Then he, too, recoiled in amazement.

"By my Ferahan rug!" he exclaimed. "I am astonished, sir! I thought for the moment that I was surveying my own reflection in a mirror! Remarkable! Re-e-e-e-e-markable!"

A "DOUBLE" EVENT (*concluded*)

Mr. Dunkley sank weakly into a chair. "Mr. Zitterbaum," he confessed, "you gave me a shock, sir. It appeared, at the moment, that you w-were s-someone else. Phew!"

Mr. Zitterbaum laughed. Then, with an abrupt change to the serious, he asked:

"You have a Michelangelo? Of course you have! What I mean is, you have a Michelangelo for—er—disposal? You mentioned something of the kind over the 'phone."

"I am afraid so," replied Mr. Dunkley, sorrowfully. "The fact is . . . a temporary embarrassment . . . you understand?"

"Perfectly. And your price?"

"It will be a wrench to part with the picture," asserted Mr. Dunkley, "but I'll sell for forty thousand pounds."

Mr. Zitterbaum eyed his visitor narrowly. It seemed to Mr. Dunkley that there was, indeed, something more than mere surprise in the glance. A quality of fierceness, perhaps. For some time, he appeared buried in reflection, and drummed with his fingers on the table. Then, very suddenly:

"I'll buy," he snapped. "When may I view the picture?"

"At once," returned Dunkley, eagerly. "I'll run you round to my chambers."

"Delighted. Shall we walk, or——?"

"Taxi, if you have no objection," suggested the false Mr. Rutt.

To the driver, he directed: "Milan Hotel." Then: "No! dammit, 28, Queen's Mansions."

Mr. Zitterbaum smiled to himself, and commenced to chat enlightenedly of the "grand" style of the Barbizon and Impressionist schools of the 19th century. Mr. Dunkley devoutly thanked his lucky star that he was familiar with the names of Corot, Rousseau, Crome, Constable, and Turner. He talked with authority of the things for which these names stood.

The taxi pulled up with a jerk. Descending, he braced himself, and glanced furtively at the numbered doors. With a proprietary air, he mounted the steps of number 28, opened the door, and allowed his companion to pass through into the hall. Then with a shock, he realised that he was indeed a stranger in his own house. Where the devil was the picture? He seemed to remember, faintly, that Tony had mentioned the dining-room. If so, where in Hades *was* the dining-room?

He was fast losing control of himself, when a footman appeared miraculously, and switched on the hall light. Mr. Dunkley decided to risk all on a chance throw.

"Is there a fire in the dining-room?" he asked.

For a moment, the man remained staring dazedly at the two. Then, gathering his wits about him, he replied that he would find out.

"Come this way," invited Mr. Dunkley, whose heart was now beating with a disconcerting heaviness. With admirable sagacity, he followed the retreating form of the footman.

A sigh of genuine relief escaped him as he perceived what was undoubtedly the Michelangelo, hanging between two smaller pictures. Zitterbaum was already giving it his closest attention.

"A very beautiful example of the master's work," he exclaimed, presently. "I see that you have also a Holbein and a Durer, here?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Dunkley. "They don't, of course, in my opinion, compare with the Michelangelo."

"Not in the least."

Mr. Dunkley fidgeted, he was nervous. "Perhaps—if you will excuse what may seem a desire to conclude this—er—little deal rather hastily, I have an important appointment at seven o'clock."

"Of course, of course. I will write a cheque, and send round for the picture in the morning."

Mr. Zitterbaum crossed to the table, and drew forth his chequebook. Mr. Dunkley's heart leaped with joy as the fountain pen was poised in readiness.

"Let me see—er—Mr.—Mr.——?"

"Basil Rutt," said Mr. Dunkley, obligingly.

The cheerful scratch of Mr. Zitterbaum's pen followed. Ye gods! thought the vendor of pictures, what better music could a poor man desire?

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Rutt."

To his companion's great surprise Mr. Zitterbaum crossed to a bureau in a corner. For some moments he busied himself, quite familiarly, with the contents of a drawer. Then, very suddenly, he spun round.

Mr. Dunkley's jaw sagged loosely as his startled eyes perceived the squat wickedness of a short-muzzled automatic.

"Move a hair's-breadth," said Mr. Zitterbaum, gently, "and you are a goner."

He touched a bell. "Perhaps," he suggested, "you would like something to read. The police will be some time, probably."

Mechanically, Mr. Dunkley accepted the proferred card. Dully, he read:

"BASIL RUTT,
28, Queen's Mansions."

He eyed Mr. Zitterbaum miserably.

"Feel sick?" enquired that gentleman, maddeningly. "You see, there never was a Zitterbaum, really. That's just my business name."

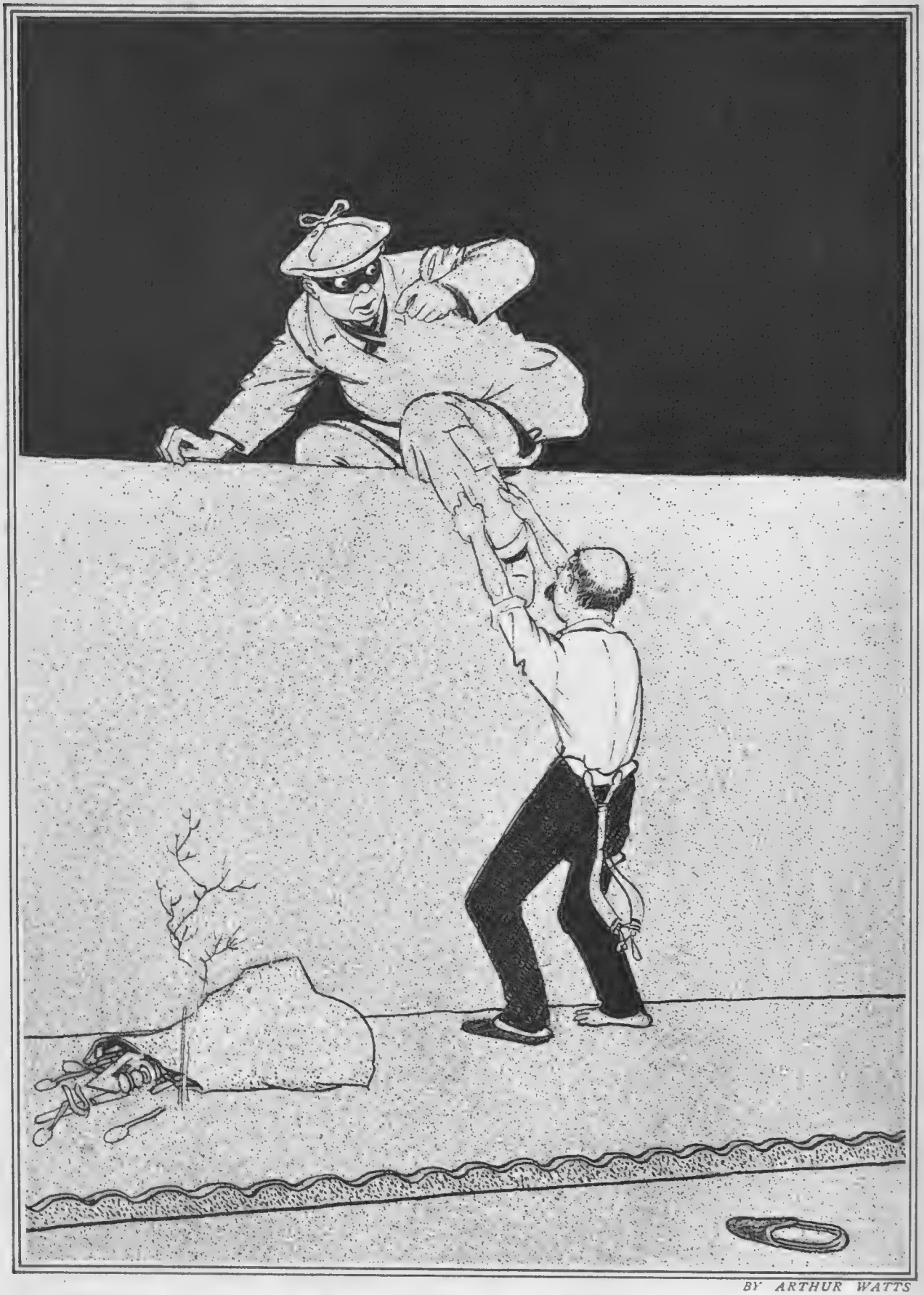
C. HEDLEY BARKER

BY CECIL NICHOLSON

A MERE NOTHING!

1st Film Star: "Got anything special on to-day, Cyrus?"
2nd ditto: "Nope—only a race against death an' a leap for life!"

A Dastardly Deed!



BY ARTHUR WATTS

BURGLAR *(frustrated in his escape)*: "If you don't leggo o' me—I'll fall on yer!"

"Der Brite Wird Zahlen"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

England Will Pay

"*Der Brite Wird zahlen!*" "England will pay" the Reparations - Preparations - Rations Indemnity. That is the Prussic solution. Twenty hours before poor Dr. Simple Simons left London, and five hours before the bad *poilus* began to bustle-orf to Düsseldorf, a great conviction (not by judges of War-criminals) fell upon the Germanic People that England will pay. Newspapers print it; orators hiss it; and the B.-in-B.'s Prussic pre-War acquaintance, Herr Dr. Ing. Gamradt, a decent, by no means immoderately Anglophobic suburbanite, is so sure of the fact that he telephone-bells the B.-in-B. out of a beauty sleep to ask him to send the news to all the world.

Krupp's Savoury Sauce

And here it is. In the first place is that plaguey 50 per cent. — *ein ganzes funfzig procent*—which is to be docked from the profits of Prussic manufacturers of aniline ear-paint, dollies that turn eyes on Nurnberg ball-bearings, and Worcester-like sauce brewed by Krupps of Essen. The Pruss has convinced himself irresistibly that in the end *der Brite* will pay all this. Even if Herr Reichskanzler Dr. Fehrenbach accepts the sanctimonious sanction, and compensates the Prussic exporter by paying him the lost 50 per cent. in brand-new paper marklets, England will only get 50 per cent. of the present average annual £25,000,000 of imports from Prussland; and her net receipts, after paying £5,000,000 for collection, will not be enough to provide one whisky-and-soda a year to every man (and every lady politician) in *die verdammte Insel*.

Further Advance Necessary

In exchange for this mere whisky-and-soda profit, says the ultra-chortling Pruss, what will England pay? Firstly, as she will not effect anything useful by holding Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhfort, she will have to march much farther east, and seize Dortmund, Mulheim, Klein-Schmutzig-hausen, and even Berlin. Yes, actually Hamborn, close by, which is a particularly dangerous city, for it is the kingdom and preserve of the great August Thyssen, Industrial Princelet, and a far grimmer England-hater than the decorative Stinnes, whose hollow-turnip apparition makes timid the world. And these military expeditions will cost England naturally infinitely more than the worth of the whiskies-and-sodas. Secondly, England will lose her Imperial rank as centre of transit trade and financial clearings. Naturally, no Prussic goods will come, and no neutral will send his goods lest they be seized as Prussic. "Der City-Bill-Broker" will be ruined, and with him the vampire England will come to an end.

Photograph *Central News*

SAME OLD JUNKER JACKBOOTS

Berlin students demonstrating in aid of the Upper Silesian Fund. They are seen on their way to the University wearing the uniforms of the various Student Corps

England's Bill-Brokers

Der City-Bill-Broker as source of England's greatness is a Prussic obsession. Even Bismarck could not discuss the battle of Königgratz without dragging in the Bill-Broker. London City, every Prussic schoolboy knows, pulses with a multitudinous army, not of bankers, stockbrokers, and honourable guinea-pigs, but of brutal bill-brokers. The bill-brokers live sumptuously in Putney villas and drink ten-guinea gin merely because London is the world's financial centre, because with bills on "der Londoner City" Peruvian vicuna-breeders pay for Solingen wool-shears, and with similar London bills are settled the American revolver accounts of brigands on Mount Olympus.

The Wily Hun

So ever since Dr. Simple Simons carried his embossed hat-box out of the Savoy vestibule the grim word BILL-BROKER has flamed in the Prussic Press. England, says the *Lokal-Anzeiger*, exists only by virtue of her 17,598,344 bill-brokers; the rest of the nation has no more stable income than blood-soaked tribute squeezed out of Hindostan, Rhodesia, and Mullingar. In future the Peruvian vicuna-breeder, afraid his cash may be seized and counted as "Reparations," will draw bills on Scheveningen; England's financial dominance will end; and the 17,598,344 bill-brokers' gorgeous villas in Putney will be rented by honest and God-fearing immigrant Prusses. The loss to England will be exactly 2,260,000,000,000 gold marks, which would pay the ridiculous Paris demands ten times over.

The Next War

The coming Neutrals' War against England will cost her another 2,260,000,000,000 marks, for the naughty Neutrals, having turned pro-Pruss, will declare war against England. Sooner than tolerate "British Trade Espionage" they will do that. Being not war-exhausted they will win. And that is the Prussic vision of how England will pay. The B.-in-B. does not want to frighten anyone. But he has a high opinion of Prussic calculating ability; and his duty is to report impartially the facts.

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE PATH OF PEACE

Three Great Films

NOW SHOWING IN LONDON

THE ROSS-SMITH FLIGHT

Above can be seen the matting placed to prevent the aeroplane bogging in the marshy ground at Soerabaya, Dutch East India. Below: In Northern Australia, five hundred miles from anywhere, and all the razors sacrificed as tin-openers! The pictures of this England to Australia flight are described personally by Sir Ross-Smith

"THE BIG FOUR"

The Divisional Superintendents of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard. "For the King, the Law, the People," is the title of the film showing the splendid work of our police and Criminal Investigation Department

"CARNIVAL"

Miss Hilda Bayley and Mr. Matheson Lang in an exciting scene in probably one of the finest all-British productions yet filmed. Miss Hilda Bayley, who is shortly appearing in a new West End production, scored a very great personal success. "Carnival" is being shown at the Polytechnic this week while the Ross-Smith Flight fills the programme at the Philharmonic Hall

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

THE SAVAGE AND THE WOMAN

AT THE LYCEUM

By "JINGLE"

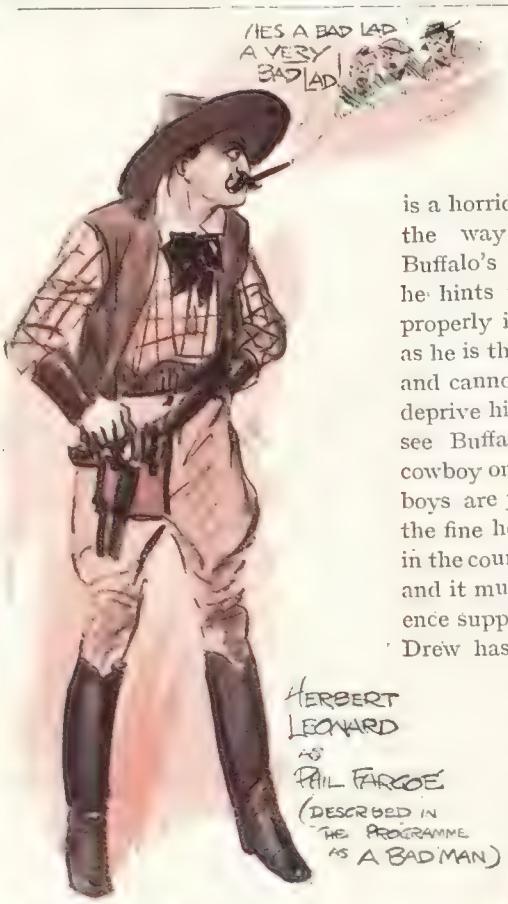
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

DOROTHY MACKAY AS FELICITY

PHILIP YALE DREW AS JIM

I THINK I want to be a noble Red Man, and have a faithful horse that pushes my face about with his nose when all the world is against me, or something of that sort. Mr. Philip Yale Drew comes to us as a noble savage of that kind, and he is a very convincing specimen of the breed. An actor of quite considerable merit, Mr. Drew is "Young Buffalo," the hero of what I suppose you would call a Cowboy Drama; and his stirring adventures and his ingenious escapes from death and other little tribulations make up a most novel and absorbing entertainment. Just how Buffalo comes to be considered a redskin is shown in the course of four tableaux that precede the first act. We are first shown a couple of Indians in all their furs and feathers furtively watching a waggon that is moving along the horizon line. They exchange significant grunts, from which we infer that there is about to be, as they say in polite circles, some dirty work at the cross-road.

THE second tableau shows us the scene after the redskins have done their little bit. The waggon is all wrecked up and freshly made corpses scattered here and there testify to the thoroughness with which the noble red man has done his job. The only individual who remains callously unmoved during all this very red trouble is a new-born babe that is lying in its dead mother's arms. That's one of the advantages of being a new-born babe. You can adopt a supercilious and detached air towards events that make older people get quite excited. Such trifles as merciless Indians and sanguinary massacres provoke only mild and languid interest; and if it is a question of a proposed scalping you can always laugh quietly to yourself in your bib at the reflection that your hair hasn't



HERBERT LEONARD AS PHIL FARGOE (DESCRIBED IN THE PROGRAMME AS A BAD MAN)

started to grow yet. One of the redskins in this tableau is just about to give the kid a tap with a tomahawk that will unfit it for further use, when a motherly redskin lady steps forward and decides to adopt the child. This is the first example of Buffalo's happy knack of escaping sudden death, a faculty that, apparently, is not destined to leave him during the remainder of his fighting career.

o

YOUNG BUFFALO grows up, and for all he knows to the contrary he is a poor heathen redskin. We, however, are better informed, because we have, as it were, been to the pictures. It transpires that the head of the party that was done in by the Indians was an Englishman of family, and that Buffalo, who is the Englishman's son, is the rightful heir to a nice earldom and other little things like that. Consequently, we begin to get very excited, because there are sure to be a lot of offensive people who will try and push Buffalo out of his rights. There is a horrid fellow who has come all the way from London to get Buffalo's certificate of death, and he hints that if it cannot be got properly it must be got otherwise, as he is the next heir to the title, and cannot allow these outsiders to deprive him of his rights. We first see Buffalo, as a grown man, a cowboy on a ranch. The other cowboys are jealous of him because of the fine horsemanship he acquired in the course of his Indian training; and it must be admitted from evidence supplied that Mr. Philip Yale Drew has a very pretty way with a horse. Buffalo further makes himself unpopular because he does not drink or gamble or consort with saloon girls; but, fortunately, he is well able to take care of himself. He can "throw a gun" quicker than the other man, and I have been told that in the Far West such accomplishments are held in higher esteem than even the consolations of religion.

o

THERE was one man among those cowboys I didn't like from the first. I suspected that he was a wrong 'un directly I spotted his very black moustache; and on referring to my programme I found he was mentioned there as "a Bad Man," so, you see, somebody else besides myself must have noticed it. His name is Phil Fargoe, and he does all he can to make Buffalo unhappy. Of course, Buffalo does not know, as we do, that he is heir to an earldom; and every time he takes a risk that looks like having a fatal result, we shiver inwardly for fear the other man should get the title after all. For instance. At one time there are about twenty cowboys surrounding a fair girl, who is a newcomer to the town, a girl who, I am sure, is as good as she is pretty, though, of course, that's only guesswork. Buffalo calls on the crowd to let the girl go, and then he throws a gun, and the hands go up with pathetic unanimity. In order to make quite sure of things he tells the men he has got covered, to drop their guns one by one into a barrel in the corner. As a matter of fact, I believe that, according to Cocker, the rule of the game is that once you have got your man held up, you must not let him get his fingers anywhere within a foot of the butt of his gun, but must either remove the offensive weapon yourself or must depute a reliable friend to do it. So many fatal accidents have resulted from the neglect of this simple precaution.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

THIS horrid Fargoe fellow dogs our hero's steps all the time. For instance, Fargoe is a Squaw-man; that is to say, he has married an Indian woman. And when he exercises his rightful privilege of thrashing his squaw occasionally, Buffalo interferes to protect the girl. And as Fargoe is white, at least in name, and Buffalo is reputed red, you can imagine how the neighbours talk. ("My dear, I saw it coming from the first!") Then there is another person as sinful as Fargoe, but as she is a girl, and a pretty one at that, I don't like to be too hard on her. She is "Spanish Kate," the usual type of saloon girl-of-all work in the West; and when Fargoe leaves his happy home for her the squaw very naturally wants the white girl's life. This leads up to a very pretty fight with knives in a shack, and the betting is all on the squaw till Spanish Kate gets hold of her gun and shoots her rival to the golden shore with a single cartridge. By a mean trick Buffalo is charged with the murder, and is going to be lynched; but you will see for yourself how he gets out of that with the help of his faithful steed, as they tell me that the nobility and gentry, rightly tired of being lectured as to what they ought to see, are making a bee line for the Lyceum Theatre just now to enjoy the cunningly devised thrills with which this admirable drama is replete.

o

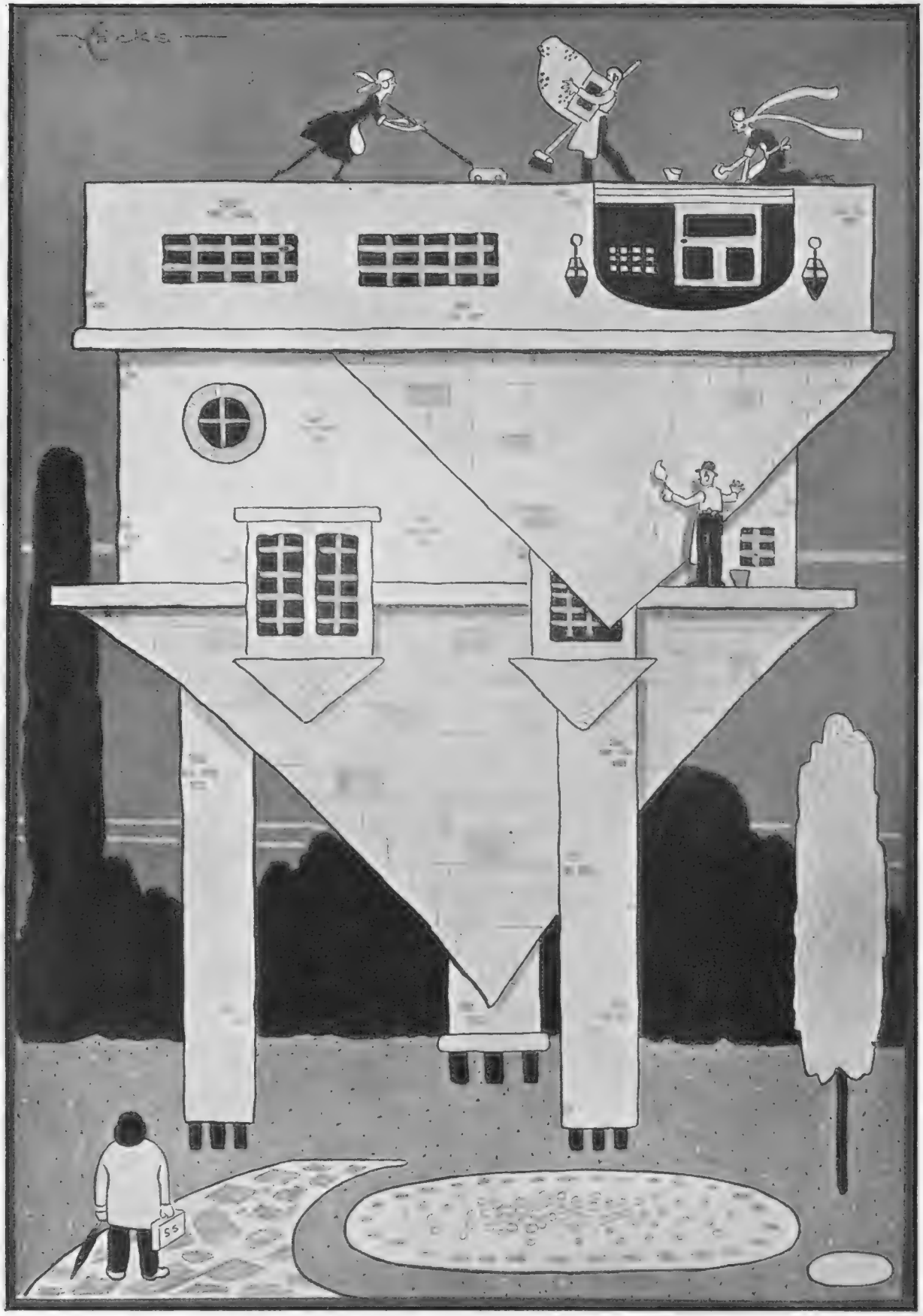
THERE are no fewer than seventeen scenes in the production; but the management of the Lyceum Theatre have brought scene-shifting to such a fine art that it is as much as you have time for another of the same before the bell rings to recall you to your seat.

o

THE play is evidently produced for those who take their pleasures seriously. It is, of course, melodrama of the ordinary — and sometimes crude—quality; but it is extremely well done. Mr. Philip Yale Drew gives an unusual quality of excellence to a part that is, perhaps, a little commonplace; and the Fargoe fellow is sturdily played by Mr. Herbert Leonard, who has a fine presence, but is, perhaps, just a little too "politeful" for the villain of a Cowboy piece. Still, every word he speaks gets well over the footlights, and as he is cordially execrated for his sins after every act, I suppose he is as well satisfied as anybody.

JINGLE

Trials of Spring



BY VICTOR HICKS

ISN'T IT ANNOYING WHEN YOU RETURN FROM TOWN AND FIND YOUR EDIFICE TURNED UPSIDE DOWN?

SPREADING THEIR WINGS AGAIN: A TYPICAL UP-RIVER SCENE

The racing season for the small yachts began, as usual, during the Easter recess. Our illustration shows a fleet of these graceful little craft jockeying for position at the start of a race at Bourne End

Sports & Pastimes

ROWING

Oxford's Vicissitudes

IF Oxford happen to win the Boat Race, which is due to be rowed this (Wednesday) evening, it will be something of a miracle, for they have only been a crew in being for about a fortnight. Up to the time when they appeared on the tideway they were only a crew in the making, and the process was not really completed until Raikes had recovered from his strain. If, on the other hand, Cambridge, who were a crew in being even before they went to Marlow, are the winners, we shall probably hear a good deal about Oxford's bad luck. No doubt their backwardness was in some measure due to this, but I question whether it was not due in a greater degree to bad judgment and hesitation on the part of those who were responsible for the composition and positions of the crew.

Better Late than Never

IT seems curious that so much time was expended in trying to turn Earl into a stroke when it was obvious that the experiment was not progressing at all favourably. It also seems curious that the discovery of Raikes as the right man for the stroke thwart took so long. He was tried at stroke comparatively early, but only for a couple of days, or thereabouts, and was then dropped for quite a long time while the not very promising Earl experiment was being persevered with. And yet when he was tried a second time there was an almost immediate improvement, in spite of the fact that the move and the dropping of Coates necessitated a further shuffling of the pack. However, should Oxford win to-day it will be all the more to their credit, and a striking illustration of the truth of the old saying "Better late than never." And whichever way the race goes we must not forget that Cambridge likewise have not been wholly immune from bad luck in the matter of illness.

SAILING

The Thames Racing Season

EASTERTIDE marks the opening of the racing season for sailing boats on the Thames, and the kick-off, so to speak, has taken place at Teddington with a series of races under the joint auspices of the Thames, Tamesis, and Upper Thames Sailing Clubs. From now onwards the Thames and the Tamesis, who have their headquarters respectively at Surbiton

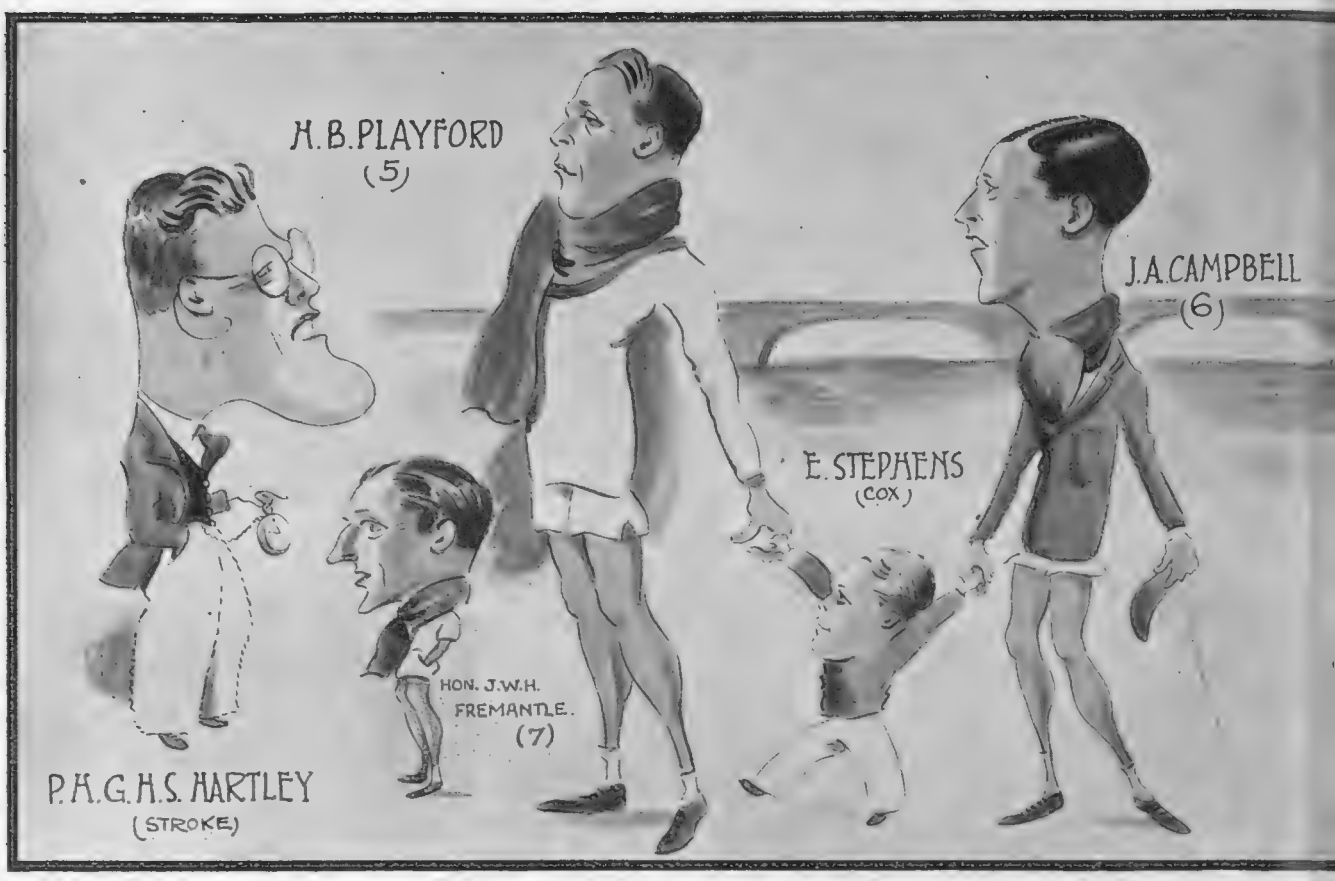
(Continued on page 706)

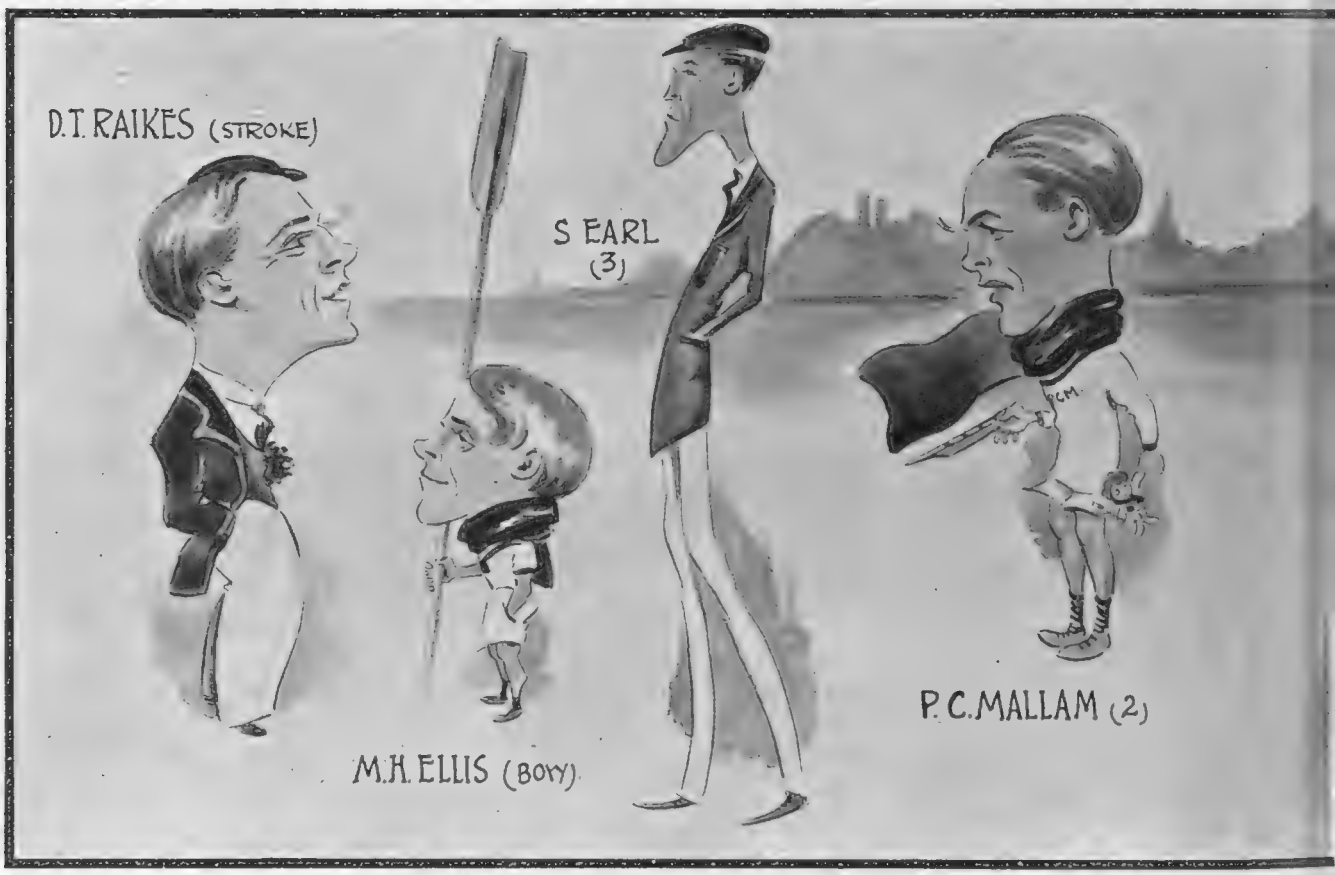
Photographs *Sport and General*

A TIME-HONOURED "SOCCER" MATCH: CORINTHIANS *v.* QUEEN'S PARK

Beaten twice since the war by their old and doughty Scottish rivals, the Corinthians played a drawn match with them at Queen's Club last week, thereby showing that they are on the way to regaining their pre-war prestige. Our illustration shows W. Gould, the Queen's Park goal-keeper, "clearing" from a "mix-up" in front of his goal

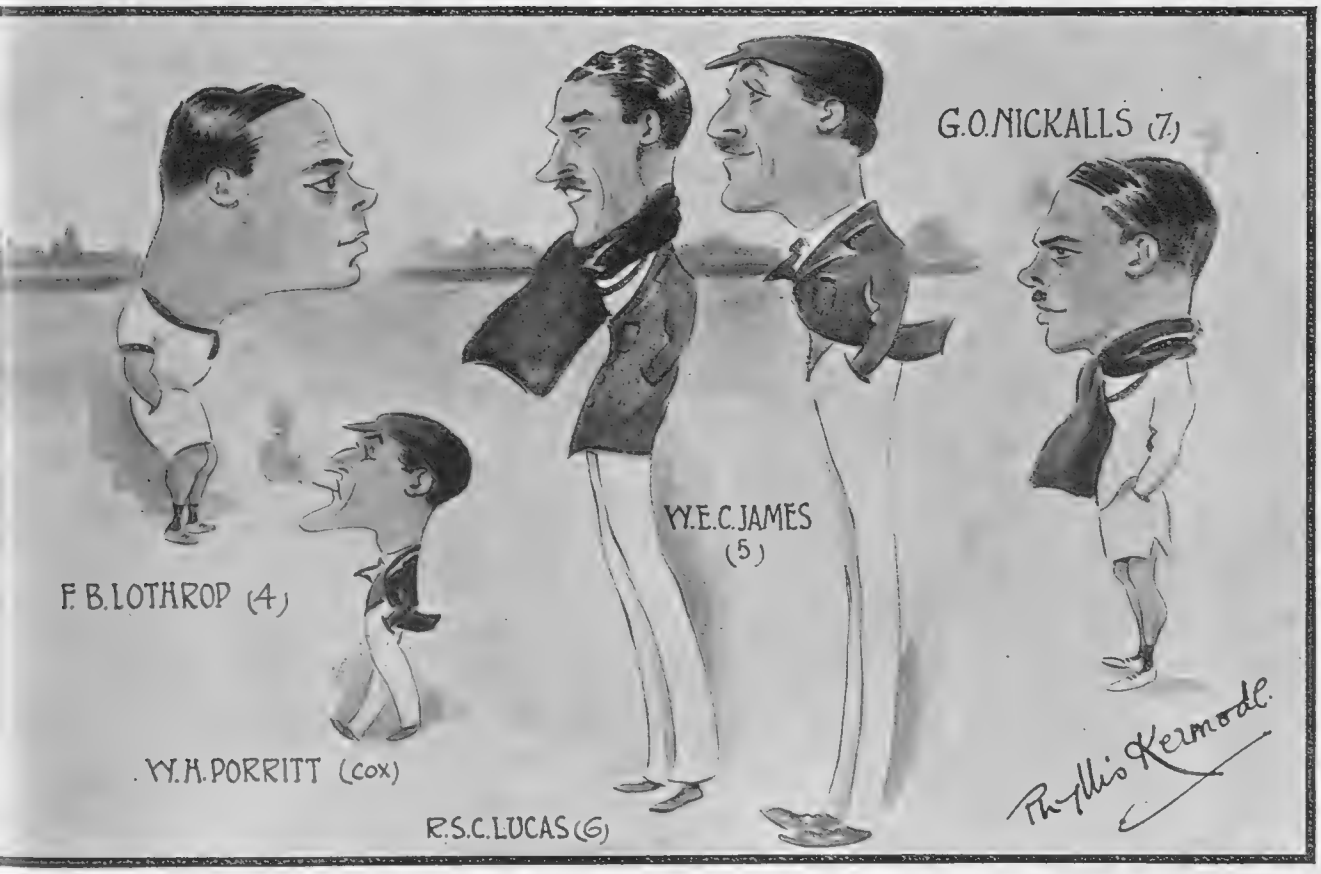
Heroes of the Hour:





The most popular of all rowing fixtures is due to be rowed this (Wednesday) afternoon. The appeal which it makes to the public at large is shown by the fact that when you speak of the Boat Race everybody knows what you mean, although a lover of terminological exactitude might insist on calling it the Oxford and Cambridge eight-oared race. It remains to be seen

The University Crews



BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

whether our artist, who "presents" the two crews above in caricature, was endowed with a prophetic instinct when she put the Cambridge eight "on top." Last year she did the same thing and to that extent tipped the winner. Will she be right a second time?

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

and Teddington, will have a combined programme of races under their joint control at both these places in accordance with the arrangement which was tried so successfully last year. Higher up the river at Bourne End, where is, in many respects, the finest sailing reach on the Thames, the Upper Thames Club are enlarging their programme and catering for all sorts and conditions of boats.

Bourne End Week and After

IT is here, too, that the Bourne End Week—the Cowes week of the fresh water sailor—is held. It starts on June 20 and it is hoped that this year, besides the three clubs above named, the Trent and the inland waters of Norfolk and Suffolk will be represented. The Henley Sailing Club, whose premises were burnt in 1914, has also got going again, and will add to the activities of the upper river. After Bourne End week racing stops for about a couple of months, but it starts again in the early autumn and goes well on into October. Nor is there much doubt that the sport is as popular and as progressive to-day as it was before the War.

ATHLETICS

Oxford *v* Cambridge Afterthoughts

HUMAN nature would seem to abhor a tie or a draw as much as Nature abhors a vacuum, and the fact that the 'Varsity Sports resulted in a tie of 5 events all, has naturally reopened the discussion whether some steps should not be taken to ensure a conclusive result in the future. One suggestion is that a fresh event should be added, bringing the total up to eleven; another is that instead of counting wins only, so many points should be awarded for a win and so many for a second.

BUTLER WINS!

The finish of the great struggle between the rival Presidents, G. M. Butler (Cambridge) and B. G. D. Rudd (Oxford), in the quarter-mile at the 'Varsity sports. Last year they ran a dead heat, but this year Butler won by a yard

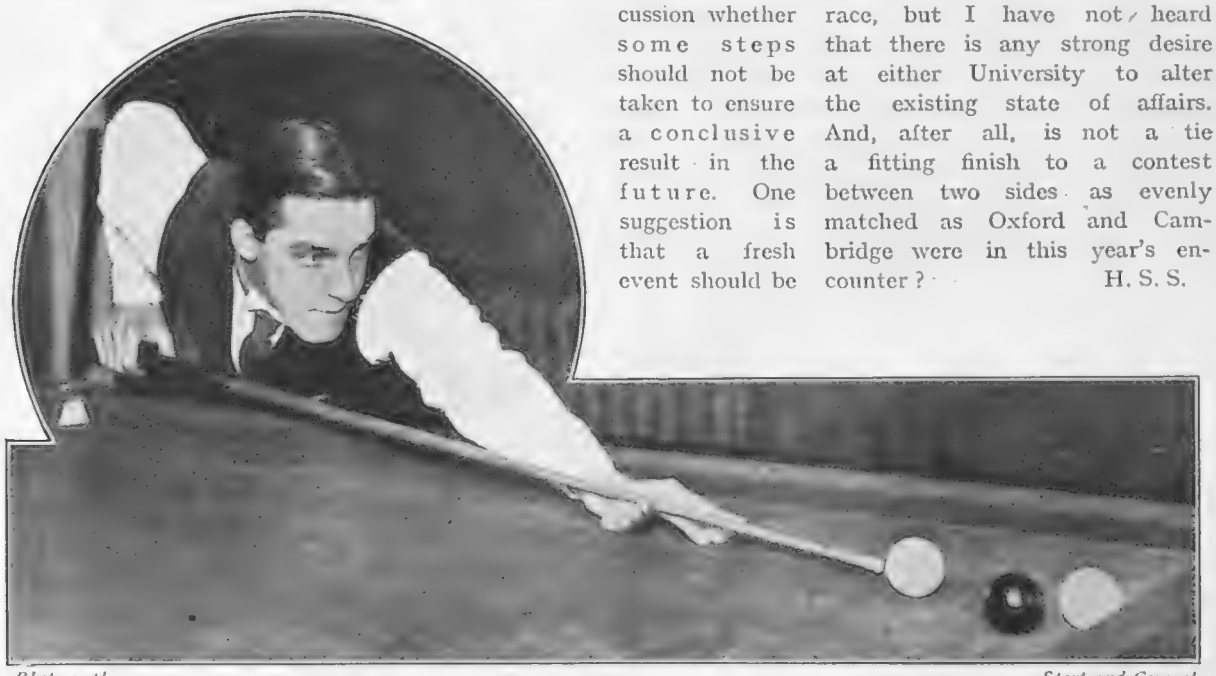
Dodging a "Tie"

BY adding another event, or by counting seconds as well as firsts, you doubtless reduce the chances of a tie, but you do not eliminate them. In an eleven event contest, for instance, if each side scores five wins and there is one dead-heat the result is a tie, and where points are given for the first two places in each event it is, of course, possible for the total number of points scored by each side to be equal. In fact by this latter method you might get a tie where, if firsts alone mattered, there would be no tie.

Another Event?

THERE is more, I think, to be said for the plan of adding another event. Some time ago it was suggested that the "long" hurdle race would be a suitable addition to the programme, whilst others favoured the pole-jump. Of the two I should expect the choice to fall upon the hurdle race, but I have not heard that there is any strong desire at either University to alter the existing state of affairs. And, after all, is not a tie a fitting finish to a contest between two sides as evenly matched as Oxford and Cambridge were in this year's encounter?

H. S. S.



Photograph *Sport and General*

T. NEWMAN, THE NEW CHAMPION OF BILLIARDS

The fact that M. Inman and W. Smith, the two ex-champions, both abstained from competing in the Billiards Championship this year robbed that event of a good deal of its interest, and also has the effect of making the position of the new champion a somewhat anomalous one. But Newman can, at any rate, claim to be the youngest player who has ever won the championship

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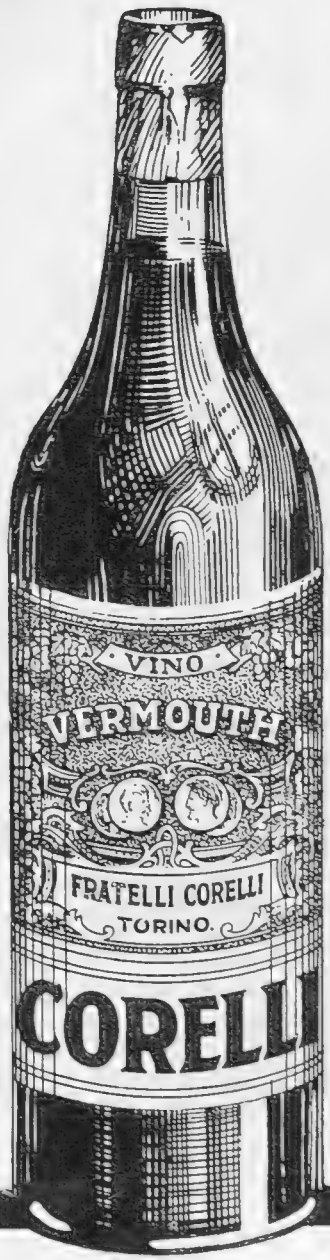

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

By "The Tour"

THE EARL OF LONDESBOROUGH

Gave an astonishingly good display of jockeyship at Sandown recently. He succeeded to the title on the death of his brother, is a Captain in the "Tins," and was wounded three times during the War

The Young Idea

It will be of interest to look back upon the results of the first fortnight of the flat-racing season in order to see what bearing they will have upon future racing. Some of the two-year-olds who were prominent at Lincoln and Liverpool will be worth following for a couple of months. After then they will have better-grown rivals to contend with. I fancy Walter Griggs has found a really good filly in the Brocklesby winner, but I shall not be surprised if Chemistry, whom she beat so easily at Lincoln, proves too good for her later on. I make this suggestion because, while Deja Thorris is fairly "set" and compact, Sir Robert Jardine's filly is more rangy and seems to have plenty of scope for improvement. Have you heard, by the way, about the Newmarket colt, North End? He is believed to be a nailer.

Peep at the Newbury Cup

As for the handicap performers, we shall have to watch Win the War. He ran really well at Lincoln, especially when it is borne in mind that he likes the ground to be on the soft side. I notice that he is in the Newbury Spring Cup on April 9, and I shall not be disposed to pass him over unless the going is hard. No doubt the public will fasten on Morganatic Marriage in the Newbury Cup. He is nicely handicapped at 6st. 13 lbs., but is there a jockey of that weight who could do justice to him? George Duller handles him to perfection over hurdles, but he will be a rare handful for any 7st. boy unless he is easier to ride than when "Jack" Leader had him at Newmarket. For my own part I am inclined to regard him as being appreciably more tractable as a result of his hurdle racing experiences; but it is difficult to tell.

Manton Prospects

There looks like being a better-class field at Newbury than we had at Lincoln. Manilardo heads the handicap, but it is a bit early yet for Alec Taylor's stable to show form. I believe, however, that the Manton establishment will have several runners at the Craven meeting, which begins the Newmarket campaign on April 14. Which is the best of the Manton two-year-olds? On form I suppose we ought to rank Lemonora and Trash as their crack colts. Of the fillies, Pompadour is probably the best, though Love in Idleness, Blue Lady, and Tetrabbazia are all well above average merit. I am awaiting with special interest the re-appearance of Lord Astor's Craig an Eran. He does not look much on his two-year-old running, but he was obviously backward then, and he struck me as a youngster capable of developing into something exceptionally good.

A Derby Outsider

In several places lately I have heard his name mentioned in connection with the Derby. One of the biggest ante-post men in the North of England refuses to offer you a reasonable price about him. Apparently somebody thinks he knows something! This much I can say: that up to the present Craig an Eran has not been formally galloped. When Alec Taylor comes to put him to the test there may be disappointment in store. Still, the colt is very much liked at Manton. He has undoubtedly wintered well, and if you like to take a chance and can secure a long price about him for the Derby, you will probably see some decent hedging. He is just the sort that Taylor loves to train.

Coming Events

Owing to the holidays these notes have to be written well in advance of the date of publication, so I beg you to excuse me offering any selections this week. In any case, the programmes at the week-end are not particularly important. We shall soon be within hail of a much more interesting stage of the season, and such events as the City and Suburban, the Kempton Jubilee, and the Chester Cup are already being eagerly discussed. I notice that Abbot's Trace has been made favourite for the "City," others at comparatively short prices being the stable companions, Spion Kop and Paragon. For the Great Metropolitan Stakes the best-fancied ones are, apparently, Harrier, Front Line, and Waterbottle, while Orpheus and Most Beautiful are said to be the "goods" for the Kempton Jubilee. I shall wait a bit, however, before I make my little investment in any of these popular events.

Why Look for Any Other?

Lord Robert: By Jove! What a name "Duggie" must have among those who *know*. Just been looking through the comments of the great Sporting Papers, and what they say about him is simply wonderful.

Sir James: Yes, the *Daily Mail* speaks of his figures for the "Double" as being the largest of any Turf Accountant, so no wonder the *Sporting Life* backs this up by naming him as "By Far the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."

Lord Robert: Our friend *John Bull* says "He's Safe as the Bank of England," and the *Tatler* advises its readers to "Select Douglas Stuart."

Sir James: Oh, they all say the same. The *Sportsman* calls him "A pioneer and introducer of new ideas," and the *Sporting and Dramatic* chimes in by "Strongly recommending this exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable agency." Some praise. What!

Lord Robert: Oh, I've noticed simply dozens of similar Press comments, but the one that strikes me most is the one a few days ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who said, "His name stands for all that is Best in the Racing World."

Sir James: Considering that he is always under the limelight, the unanimity is splendid. Makes one wonder why the Backers ever look for any other.

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

You would have thought that all those unexplored spots left in the world, so useful to imaginative writers, had long ago been used up; but no one will accuse Mr. Gilbert Frankau in his new book, well named *The Seeds of Enchantment* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), of poaching on anyone's preserves. For not only has he succeeded in finding a new background, but he has most cunningly weaved into his romance an idea which subtly connects the amazing adventures he records to the philosophy of life in which, it would seem, he believes.

❋ ❋

Briefly, the situation is this. It is reported that away up the McKong River in that mysterious region called Indo-China, there are white women cut off from the rest of the world, descendants, it is said, of a band of French aristocrats who escaped from the Terror. A red-bearded Frenchman, a British ex-Colonel and a Socialist doctor from Glasgow go in search; the Frenchman because he is an explorer who has loved and lost one of these women, the Briton because he is British, and the doctor because he has tasted a wonderful Bean which brings "happiness" in its trail and is supposed to be found in their country. Their hairbreadth escapes are of a kind which show that Mr. Frankau's imagination is unusually fertile, while their ultimate discovery of the land of the Bean brings with it a crash of surprise. Yet it is just here that the author really succeeds in his purpose, for then you see clearly enough what he has audaciously striven to do. There will be some who will enjoy *The Seeds of Enchantment* for its mere romance; others, perhaps, will find greater satisfaction in following out the author's half-hidden idea. In any case the book is a considerable achievement.

❋ ❋

One of the cleverest novels I have read for some time is Maurice Hewlett's *Mainwaring* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is, largely, a portrait of an imaginary demagogue who flourished some time in the 'eighties, and of Lizzy, his wife, a real girl of the people, who is about the one person never to be deceived by his brilliance. Mainwaring himself is unutterably selfish and blind to the things he has no desire to see. He neglects his wife to pour out unwelcome attentions on poor, silly, romantic Lady Whitehaven. Whitworth, his friend, who tells the story, falls in love with Lizzy, and the position is awkward until, at the zenith of his career, Mainwaring conveniently, though not unexpectedly, dies. And that, so far as mere story goes, is about all. Here, however, you do not want story so much. It is a pleasure to read Mr. Hewlett in this modern vein; he writes very finely indeed. His Lizzy may at times appear to be too perfect a woman, but she is to be found every day if you know where to search, and his Lady Whitehaven is etched in with a pen which scorns exaggeration.

R. S.

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—*Daily Graphic*

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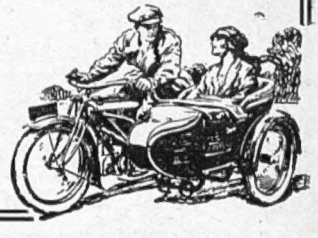

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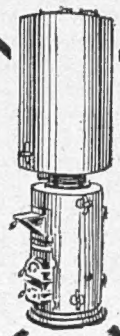

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Motoring & Aviation

Now S. F. Edge has got back to the car business I can see there will be no need for the common or garden writer of motor matters to trouble about news and copy as he will do his best to provide both. Recently he burst forth in print on the need for a light car trial. Poor laddie! that's the worst of retiring from the business for many years, you lose touch with things.

* * *

It was settled long ago that the Royal Scottish A. C. will run a light car reliability trial in June next year, and the Royal Automobile Club a road race for the same in the Isle of Man in the May or September of that same year, probably in September, as that helps to lengthen the tourist season in the joyous isle. Of course, S. F., if you like to get the Brooklands' people to run a further 500 mile race on the track as well, *tant mieux*, but I can tell you before you start that my 10 h.p. car can do its advertised forty miles per hour for 500 miles without turning a hair, even with my heavy body to lump along, and it certainly has not developed any rattle or back lash inside 1,000 miles or even more than double this distance, so I am afraid I have a better opinion of most of the present day small cars than you have. At the same time I'm for all the testing out that manufacturers can afford to give their vehicles in order to better them, as no one for a moment imagines that there is no room for improvement in all of them. But I am not so sure there is a market for the six-cylinder super-car with a cylinder capacity of about 2,000 c.c., unless it can be manufactured to sell complete for the road at a very modest figure.

* * *

Roughly speaking, the motor-buying market will only absorb about 1,000 Rolls-Royce cars per annum, and I do not believe that any manufacturer of a super-excellent small six-cylinder of the present four-cylinder light car class is going to find a wider market unless a new generation brings forth a new type of customer. And that is bound to keep the price high on account of the smallness of the output. But perhaps the Germans are going to pay us all they owe in hard cash so we shall have money to burn, for, optimist as I am, I cannot see much spare cash to spend on luxury-type cars when the car *ordinaire* is so good and serves the average buyer's needs.

* * *

I know "a rose would smell as sweet under any other name," but it is only by the brand one buys that the car or motor-cycle owner can depend on getting motor fuel of the uniform quality he or she wants, so that the vehicle can do its best on the road and save the pocket of its owner.

* * *

Quite recently a few pals thought they would like to test one of these "pumps and tank" jokers, and so one of them goes to a garage in one of the southern counties and asks for four gallons of No. 1 Shell, which is duly pumped into the car's tank from the garage tank outfit. After he got away one of his friends asks for four gallons of Carbunier. He got it too—all out of the same tank as his pal had received the Shell. The third one of the party asked later on that day for Pratt's No. 1, and took aboard six gallons out of the identical tank, so all three of them decided that the man who bought Shell should go back and buy another two gallons, which he did, after asking the man if he was sure it was Shell he was giving him. He was assured that it was, and then he asked to see the proprietor or manager of the business, who must have smelt a rat, as he replied to the repeated enquiry if the petrol supplied was Shell that it was not, and the man had no business to say so.

* * *

I expect, if the truth was known it was what you might call a best profit spirit, but there you are, something has got to be done, and I, for the time being, insist on buying my petrol in cans of the brand I want. This bulk system is too complex for simple motorists, you will have to carry hydrometers, spirit gauges, and specific gravity what-nots to keep your end up, and, as the one-line actor said when the stage manager asked him to substitute one word for another, "more study," and we don't want it.

Old Hy.

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A reproduction of a very fine poster by Balliol Salmon. It shows a 25-30 h.p. Crossley Landaulette turning into Waterloo Place, Pall Mall